

UNIVERSALIST AND LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JANUARY, 1836.

A NEW YEAR'S TALE.

Original.

Mr. Franklin and his family sat around a bright charcoal fire on a cold evening in December. The room which they occupied was the usual sitting room in which the domestic circle were used to meet when no visitor was with them. In one corner stood the old family clock which had belonged to Mr. Franklin's grandfather, and implements of female housewifery lay about the room, on the bureau and writing desk. Mr. Franklin sat in a large leather bottomed chair in one corner, reading a favorite volume. He was a man a little past the middle age, stout in form, with hair inclining to gray, and of a sedate countenance. At a small stand near him sat his wife, whose cheek bore witness that she had been visited by affliction during her earthly pilgrimage, and gave to her an appearance of age, calculated to mislead the common observer. She was employed in knitting, and her three daughters sat on either side of her. The eldest, called Mary, was engaged in sewing, and the next, Judith, was looking over a newspaper. Caroline, the youngest, sat on a stool near the feet of Mary, and had been sometime looking listlessly at the fire, apparently absorbed in deep thought.—Mary was a fine looking girl of eighteen, with black sparkling eyes and fine complexion; yet a pensiveness might be observable on her countenance which heightened the interest which her appearance excited. Her form was graceful, and her motions were very easy, and free from affectation and awkwardness. Judith was a tall, slender young lady, who had not yet acquired to full womanhood, but yet it was easy to perceive that the maid of fifteen would one day vie with her elder sister in grace and womanly perfection. She had large eyes of a deep blue color, and her cheeks bloomed like the rose. A small boy named George sat near the window watching the progress of his mother and elder sister. Not a word had been spoken for some time, when suddenly little Jane seemed to awaken from her reverie and asked when brother Robert would come home. This question seemed, for a moment, to startle the whole circle, but they soon relapsed into their former silence, although it might be observed that the cloud on Mary's brow became more melancholy, and that Mr. Franklin's cheek was slightly tinged. Judith glanced furtively over the paper which she was reading to see what effect this sudden question would have on her father, while George hung his head as if in sadness. But no answer was returned to the little girl's question. At length Mrs. Franklin whispered to little Jane that her father was reading, and she must not disturb him. This seemed to arouse Mr. Franklin, for he overheard what was said, and looking kindly at Jane, he asked her what she was desirous of knowing.

'I wanted to know when Robert would come home,' returned the little girl.

Mr. Franklin told her that he would probably be at home in the spring, and that he had on that very day received a letter from the president of the academy where he was, stating that his conduct had very much improved of late. This communication seemed to create much surprise and pleasure in the whole group. Mrs. Franklin and Mary ceased their employment, Judith dropped her hands and the paper into her lap, and George drew his chair nearer to the fire, and sat regarding his father with anxious expectation.

'To-day, father! did you say to-day?' said the impatient Judith.

'Yes, child,' replied Mr. Franklin, 'I have to-day received such a letter from Mr. Williams as gives some hope that your brother will leave off his wild practices, and become a sober citizen.'

'I never thought his boyish follies would amount to much,' said Mrs. Franklin. 'Young people will do some things which we that are older do not approve of. We have all been young.'

'Do you call it such a trifle,' cried Mr. Franklin, taking his spectacles from his eyes, 'for a son of ours to conduct in the way that Robert has?'

'But you know, father,' said Mary, in a deprecating tone, 'that he was also of a generous, affectionate disposition, which ought to cancel some of his errors. I never thought he had a bad heart.'

'I can only judge of a person's disposition by his actions,' said Mr. Franklin. 'You know that when Robert went to school in this place, he neglected his studies, was unmindful of his master's advice, and took every opportunity to get into a scrape. If there was an orchard to be robbed, he was the ringleader. Wherever there was fighting and riot, he was always sure to be in the midst of it. I tell you as I have told you a great many times, that he is in a fair way to come to the gallows, and that unless he alters his course, I will never lay out another cent for him.'

As Mr. Franklin spoke these words in some heat, the girls were for the time silenced, until George ventured to inquire into the particulars of what Mr. Williams had written. The letter was then produced, and upon being handed to Mary, it was read aloud as follows:—

George Franklin, Esq.

Dear Sir—According to your request, I now inform you that your son, who has been at our academy three months, gives some promise of future worth and usefulness. He is a young man of quick parts, and I think possesses a share of talent far above mediocrity. His progress in his studies has been extremely rapid. Excepting a certain liveliness of disposition, which has heretofore led him to participate in some of the freaks of the other pupils, I have no

fault to complain of in him. That you may yet realize in him all that a parent's heart can desire, is the sincere wish of

Your humble servant,

THEOPHILUS WILLIAMS.

'That is certainly encouraging,' said Mary with some animation.

'But you see that he speaks of his lively disposition,' said Mr. Franklin. 'There is probably more in that than the excellent president feels willing to inform us. Those words were not inserted for nothing.'

Seeing that Mr. Franklin was disposed to look on the darkest side of the subject, his wife and children said no more. But a slight tap was soon heard at the door, and a young girl entered timidly into the room.

'Miss Milbank!' cried Judith. 'Did you not freeze in coming out on such a cold evening?'

'Come to the fire. Make room there, George!' said Mr. Franklin. 'This is a biting wind, my dear. Sit up and warm your feet.'

Miss Milbank declared that any part of the room was warm enough for her, and she seated herself between Mary and her mother.

The family then looked towards the young lady as if they thought she must have something particular to communicate to tempt her to come out on such a night, but Miss Milbank only cast down her eyes and blushed when she perceived that she was the object of general attention. They had sat some time, and a few general remarks had been made, but still there seemed to be something weighing upon the mind of their visiter, who looked confused, and kept her eyes, for the most part of the time, cast down towards the carpet. It would appear by the slight smile that was hovering on Mary's lip, that she had some suspicion of what was passing in the maiden's mind. Miss Milbank at length drew her chair still nearer to Mary as if to communicate something to her in private. She was prevented by the quick-sighted Judith, who suddenly said, 'we have a letter from the President of the Greenville Academy which speaks of Robert.'

Miss Milbank's cheek was at once crimsoned, and her eyes again sought the carpet.

'Have you nothing better to entertain Miss Milbank with than the history of our family affairs?' inquired Mr. Franklin.

'Every thing which relates to my acquaintances, and especially a family in which I am so constant a visiter cannot but be interesting to me,' said Miss Milbank, with considerable animation. 'How is your brother?'

'We presume he is well, as there is nothing to the contrary in Mr. Williams' letter,' said Mary, 'but what has given us the greatest satisfaction is an account of his improved behaviour.'

'Yes,' added Mrs. Franklin, 'we have now every reason to believe that Robert has resolved to leave off his wild pranks and become a sober, well-behaved youth.'

'I did not know that there was ever any thing very bad about him,' said Miss Milbank.

'Nor I,' said Judith.

'Silence, Judith!' cried Mr. Franklin, 'I presume, Miss Milbank, that you have not had so fair

an opportunity to become acquainted with the character of Robert as we have. We know him to be unworthy of respect, and that although he may deceive you with fair speeches and fine pretensions he has not a good quality about him.'

'Certainly you cannot call him deceitful,' said Judith.

'Go to bed, Judith!' said Mr. Franklin angrily.

Judith immediately retired, and Miss Milbank, with a countenance pale as ashes, soon departed. The reader has no doubt perceived, by this time, that Miss Milbank was the favorite maid of young Robert, and that she had come over to pay a visit to the Franklin's on account of having heard that Mr. Franklin had received a letter from the Greenville Academy. Robert was a fine-looking youth of about eighteen, possessed of many good qualities. He was candid, generous, and affectionate. But, in common with most youths, he was fond of sport, and was not always particular about the company he kept. His faults might have been cured by proper means, or, what is more probable, as he grew older he would have deserted them of his own accord; but his father was one of those men who look with an eye of relentless severity on the smallest foibles of the gay and volatile, and he was disposed to withhold every favor from his erring son, in the belief that by breaking down his spirit, he should conquer his wild propensities, or rather, if the truth must be told, it is to be feared that he was fond of exercising absolute authority, and he regarded it as a serious insult offered to himself, because his son did not immediately give up all his old associates, and abandon all the pleasures in which he had been accustomed to delight. It is very probable that mild persuasion would have had more effect upon such a mind as Robert's, than the harsh enforcements of tyranny. But of this Mr. Franklin did not appear to be sensible. He seemed to suppose that by treating Robert as an alien, he should be able to make him sensible of his errors. Now Robert had sufficient sense to see that his father was in the wrong, and such an evil example only encouraged him to remain in the wrong also. But Robert's conduct had of late mended considerably. He had become enamored of a virtuous girl, and the influence of her excellences over him had begun to be manifested. He was a youth of strong affections and he loved Miss Milbank devotedly. He knew that she shrunk from the contemplation of every kind of vice, and her pure principles, her amiable character, and correct observations were continually present to his imagination. He had not yet opened his whole heart to her, and therefore they had not begun to correspond by letters. She loved Robert more than she had ever permitted him to discover, and she had entertained an opinion of him that was flattering in the extreme, but he knew not the strength of her affection. He lived on hope, and oftener than the coming morning, he heaved a sigh as he thought of her who was far away. He had sent home but two letters during his stay at the Academy—one to Judith, his favorite sister, and the other to his mother. He had in his letter, requested Judith to give him an account of Miss Milbank, to tell him whether she ever mentioned him, and what opinion she had form-

ed of him, and the accounts which he had received were more flattering than he had dared to hope. In the mean time Miss Milbank had never heard anything against Robert's character until the evening in which our scene opens. She had been both shocked and surprised by what Mr. Franklin had said, and according to a received but erroneous opinion, she had feared that if Robert's own father spoke against him, he must be very blameworthy. Judith, dreading the effects of her father's words upon Miss M. and knowing how desirous Robert was to retain her good opinion, incurred her father's displeasure by speaking in defence of her absent brother.

Miss Milbank left the house in a very distressed state of mind. Her heart was enlisted on the side of Robert, but her ideas of virtue had been formed on the most rigid scale; and, therefore, the declarations of Mr. Franklin had inflicted upon her the most agonizing tortures. She was scarcely able to reach home, so extremely agitated was her whole frame, and when she did reach her mother's house, she spoke not a word to any one, but retired to her room, and while her head rested on her pillow gave way to the most melancholy reflections. She tried to persuade herself that she had not fixed her heart on an unworthy object; she brought to her mind all the kind and generous acts which she had seen Robert perform, and as his open ingenuous countenance was conjured up by her imagination, she said to herself, 'Can he be so undeserving?' Then did the fatal words of his father seem to ring in her ears, 'that she had not had an opportunity to become acquainted with his true character!' She wondered what secret crimes he had been guilty of, that his father had thought fit to caution her against him. Had their acquaintance with each other ever amounted to intimacy, she might easily have sought the truth from her lover himself, but as he had never declared his passion, she could not with propriety address him on the subject without seeming too busy in his affairs. Perplexed and bewildered, she tried to compose herself to sleep, but she started every few moments from her uneasy slumbers only to dream again some horrid thing wherein her lover seemed presented to her in the character of a demon.

In the mean time, the absent youth was industriously employed at school with his studies, and his teachers had to complain of nothing but an occasional breaking forth of gaiety, such as forward scholars are prone to indulge in.

About a week after the President of the Academy had written to Robert's father, and while the youth was busily engaged in studying his Virgil, between schools, one of the teachers came into the room with a letter in his hand, and inquired for Robert Franklin. The youth immediately presented himself, for he had been long expecting a letter from his sister Judith, and anxiously awaited some tidings of his beloved maiden. As soon as the letter was put into his hand, he knew that it was his father's handwriting, and was a little disappointed, but as he also knew that the president had written to his father in a favorable manner, he hoped that he had now written him a letter which contained something different from the severe and uncharitable strictures which he

had been accustomed to receive from his parent. He sought a place where he could read it undisturbed, and, upon breaking the seal, read as follows:—

'Son Robert—The President of your academy has written me a letter informing me that your behaviour has been of late such as to give hope that you will in some measure reform your evil habits; although it is not to be expected that one hardened in sin as you are, should ever thoroughly amend. In consideration of which, I cannot be willing to harbor you under my roof much longer, as you are a disgrace to the family. I shall send you to an honest and religious man in the state of Connecticut, with whom I am acquainted, as soon as you leave the academy, to learn the trade of a shoe-maker. It is true that none of my family ever followed such a calling before, but as your conduct is not so good as theirs, you cannot expect to mingle in good society. By compelling you to labor at an honest calling and get your living by the sweat of your brow, I hope at least to make an honest man of you. So get all the learning you can, for it is the last thing I will do for you.

Your father,

G. F.

'A shoe-maker indeed!' cried Robert, dashing down the letter. 'Is this to be the end of my ambition? And shall a shoe-maker aspire to the hand of Emeline Milbank.'

'Surely my father's opinion of my docility must be greater than I ever thought it was, if he thinks I shall not rebel at so degrading a decree. Is this the reward of my faithful application to my studies? Is this the return for Mr. Williams's certificate of my good conduct? Does he suppose me a fool, that I should throw away my talents and learning upon an employment which requires neither? No. Sooner would I forego all the advantages which, as the son of a wealthy father, I have a right to expect, and become a wanderer over the wide world, than submit to be degraded for his pleasure, with my eyes open!'

Robert had often thought that his father was unnecessarily severe, but, until now, his spirit had not rebelled against his authority. He had thought it possible that his father's previous harshness might have resulted from a strong desire for his reformation; but this seemed to be wholly different.—His object now seemed to be to shut the gates of hope upon him—to degrade him in the eyes of the world, and to take away every stimulus to exertion—to remove every foundation on which a laudable ambition could be built. It appeared to the youth as if his father's motive was revenge—pure revenge, and not correction, having for its end the well-being of the suffering. He shut up his Virgil. 'Of what use is it,' said he, 'for me to strive to acquire a liberal education? What need has a cobbler of Latin and Greek?' He took up the letter and again examined it, to see if he had read aright; but there was not a word of affection, not a syllable that breathed any thing but determined hostility against him. Robert's first impulse was to quit the school, and never return to his father's house again; but upon cool reflection, he decided that it would be better for him to go immediately home, and reason temperately with his father on the subject, in the hope that he should be

able to open his eyes more fully to his real merits, and convince him that the course he purposed to pursue was not the best one. Accordingly, on the next morning he sought the President, and explained to him, as far as delicacy permitted, the true state of the case, and asked his permission to visit his home. The President did not, at first, enter into Robert's views, but when the youth reasoned with him more fully, he, at length, became more anxious for Robert to see his father than he had been to have him continue at the school. Robert then took the stage and set out. He arrived at his father's house at about noon on the subsequent day. His father was not at home; but he was welcomed cordially by his mother and sisters. It appeared that Mr. Franklin had not told them of his letter to Robert, as they were very much surprised when he repeated its contents to them, and would not, for some time, believe that he was not jesting. Judith told Robert of his Emily's visit on the evening when she was sent to bed for taking his part, which served to encourage him considerably; for he believed she would not have left home on such an inclement night in order to hear the news from the Academy, if she had not taken more interest in his movements than he had previously suffered himself to believe. But when the dinner hour arrived, Mr. Franklin made his appearance. He seemed astonished at seeing Robert at home, but said nothing until he had seated himself, when he demanded of the youth if he had not received his last letter.

'Yes, sir'—replied his son.

'And in that letter, did I not tell you that I should not harbor you in my house? Your company is not wanted here. I do not know why you have come home without my leave.'

'I came, sir'—said the youth, 'because from the tenor of your letter, I supposed that you labored under a mistake with regard to my conduct, and make no doubt that I shall be able to convince you that you have misjudged me!'

'This is presumption, truly!' cried Mr. Franklin. 'Misjudged you! who ought to know what a son is if his father does not? Do I not know that you are a perverse and wicked son—that your conduct has been such as to give your friends no hope of your ever being anything but a curse and a disgrace to them.'

'But the letter of Mr. Williams,' said Robert, 'surely that—'

'Do you bandy words with me, sir?' interrupted Mr. F. 'Because you have contrived to deceive Mr. Williams and make him believe that you have reformed, do you think that I am to be blinded in the same way—I who know you, root and branch!'

'I never deceived any one!'—said Robert.

'Well, sir!' cried his father. 'You may sit down to table and eat your dinner if you like. I will give you a dinner and then go immediately back to your school, and there remain until your time is expired, when I shall send you to Connecticut, as I told you in my letter; although I have a great mind to horse-whip you before I eat!'

'Thank you, sir,' said Robert, rising indignantly—'if you had used your whip more sparingly, you would have had a much more obedient son; but for

your dinner I have, at present, no occasion, and for the shoe-maker's trade I have no particular liking. When I plainly perceive that your whole object is to satiate your unnatural revenge upon me, I shall not be the willing subject of your malice. I no longer regard you as a father, and bid my mother and sisters adieu!'

'Robert! Robert!' cried his mother, starting up—'surely you are not going to—what are you going to do!'

'Let him go!' cried Mr. Franklin, stamping in his rage. 'He is only a curse to us. Do not speak to him. If he is not gone soon, I will drive him out of the house!'

Judith now threw her arms around her brother's neck, and begged him not to go away, but Mr. Franklin, who was very much offended at seeing that any of the family entertained affection for his injured son, tore the poor girl away and chided her severely; but Robert had not delayed his departure, and by this time he was in the public street. He felt a bitter pang at parting from his mother and sisters, but it appeared to him as if it was the only course he could take, and he consoled himself by the common but cheerless reflection that necessity required it. He was determined to seek his Emeline, whom he now believed to be sincerely attached to him, and open his whole heart to her, in the belief that she would then be as unreserved with him; and he thought that if he was able to exact from her a promise of unalterable constancy, that it would serve to cheer him in all his wanderings and would be a balsam for the wounds inflicted on his heart by this sudden separation from his mother and sisters and his native town. He, therefore, set out for the house where she lived; and as he had been a frequent visiter there, he saw no impropriety in his calling to take his leave not only of Emeline, but also of her mother and the rest of the family. His nerves thrilled with indescribable feelings as he opened the well known gate, and went up the avenue which led to the mansion of the Milbanks. The door was opened and he entered. As he walked into the apartment occupied by the family, he at once caught sight of Emeline, although, as he was wholly unexpected, she did not see him so soon.

She sat in one corner, with her head leaned back against the chair, in a posture of deep thoughtfulness. There was an expression in her countenance which he did not like. Her face was pale as if she had lately undergone some severe trial, and her eyes looked as if they had been bedimmed with grief. But still there was a calm collectedness, a look of fixed resolution on her countenance which he interpreted to his disadvantage. As he moved along towards a chair, she caught sight of him, and involuntarily started from her reverie and uttered a faint ejaculation of surprise. She then became immediately composed, and addressed him like an old acquaintance in short and formal phrases, but there lacked that tenderness in her tone, which he had been accustomed to hear when she had wandered with him abroad in the pleasant fields, before he went to the Academy.—Her mother seemed also to be changed. The pleasant smile with which she had been accustomed to greet him had left her counte-

nance; and, in its place, was a cold repulsive look which shocked his feelings and made him doubt whether he were a welcome guest or not. Conversation flagged considerably, and as Robert saw the sun sinking low, it reminded him that he had much to do, and but very little time to do it in. At length, Mrs. Milbank arose and left the room, as if on purpose to give Emeline an opportunity to make a clear heart to her lover. At any other time, Robert would have been glad to be left alone with Emeline, but he now shuddered as he saw her mother go out of the room, as he had a dismal foreboding that the issue would not be consonant with his wishes; yet why it should be so—why Emeline should have changed in so short a time he could not imagine. He little knew that his own father had poisoned her mind with vague hints which left room to suspect the worst in regard to his character and conduct. As soon as Mrs. Milbank shut the door, and Robert and Emeline were left alone, the latter cast down her eyes with a look of severe gravity. Robert looked at her. There was not the least expression of tenderness on her features. There was nothing like sorrow or regret, but a firm unyielding reserve was depicted on her countenance. It was some time before Robert could muster sufficient resolution to speak. In a faltering voice, he then said, 'Emeline!'

'Well, Robert,' said she in reply, and without raising her eyes. The tone in which she spoke almost overset his purpose. Hardly knowing what he said, he continued, 'You see I have come to town once more.'

'You have left the Academy, I presume,' said she, busying herself about some needle-work, which she had laid down when he first entered the room.

'I had flattered myself,' said he, gathering confidence as her indifference became more manifest, 'that on account of our old acquaintance, I should not have been an unwelcome guest at your mother's house this evening.'

'Has my mother signified that you were unwelcome?' said Emeline, for the first time looking up.

'Not in so many words,' said he—'but if anything is to be told by another's manner, I should judge that my welcome was not so cordial as usual.'

'Perhaps that your own feelings have had something to do with such a decision,' replied she meaningly.

'Indeed Emeline,' cried he, the frankness of his nature breaking forth—'what necessity is there for us to talk in riddles? You must be sensible that both your mother and yourself have not greeted me in the same manner that you have heretofore been accustomed to do; and while you know that is the case, why should you not rather own candidly that there is some cause for the alteration, than to attribute it to my own imagination—surely we have been acquainted with each other long enough to justify us in expecting plain dealing the one from the other.'

'Let me then ask you, Robert, if you do not think there is a cause for this change of which you speak.'

'Certainly I do not,' answered he, 'I cannot imagine what has happened during my absence to warrant this strangeness.'

'Robert Franklin will always be treated with civil-

ity when he enters this house, on account of his family, if for no other cause,' said Emeline.

'I had hoped that I could expect from you, Emeline, a reciprocation of my regard on my own individual account,' said the youth feelingly. 'I conjure you, Emeline, to tell me if you have discovered anything in my conduct to alter your opinion of me; for I am fully persuaded that I once had the happiness to enjoy your esteem.'

'Yes, Robert,' replied she pensively, 'there was a time when I esteemed you; but I have heard that which has distressed—that is I have learned some things which have gone far to alter my opinion.'

'What!' cried he, 'Did you then so readily credit what you heard, before giving me an opportunity to defend myself!'

'Indeed, sir!' cried Emeline, 'I knew not that you were accountable to me for your conduct. I know not what right I have to demand an explanation of every young gentleman whose character has suffered in my estimation.'

'You are right, Emeline; you are right,' answered he. 'But you shall be endowed with that authority. You must have known how dear you were to me, although I have been somewhat slow in declaring my passion. Now let me assure you that the proudest and dearest wish of my heart is, that our destinies should one day be united! But why need I enlarge? You know, dearest Emeline, that I love you with a fervour and a constancy that was never surpassed. Now, Emeline, as your professed lover, I wish to know what are your objections to my suit?'

There was a time when Emeline's heart would have leaped for joy at hearing these words from the youth whose image had been so long cherished in her heart's inmost core; and it was not to be expected that she could now listen to him unmoved; since love is not always prone to fly the heart which becomes convinced of the unworthiness of its object. The manner in which Emeline received the declaration of his love, showed too plainly that she had been nerving her heart to go through with the requirements of duty, in opposition to her secret feelings. She attempted to reply to Robert, but the words were stopped in her throat by a sort of choking—her feelings gushing forth and asserting the priority of nature above art. Still did she try to speak, but in vain—she gave over, and burst into a passionate flood of tears.

Then did Robert know that he was beloved. He would not have exchanged those few bright but fleeting moments of rapture for worlds. He took advantage of this involuntary confession on her part, to draw nearer to her, and, in the tenderest manner pressed her cheek to his, and whispered such accents as women love to hear. She allowed him to enjoy the ecstatic moment, for she had momentarily lost all command of herself; but suddenly her strength and firmness returned. She started up, self-possessed and said with an air of determination,

'Robert! you have witnessed my weakness. You have become convinced that I love you. Now, be assured that you do yourself great wrong if you build a single hope upon what you have seen. Two weeks ago, and I was wholly, devotedly yours,

but I have heard that from the lips of your own father, which convinces me it is my duty to forget you. I now bid you a lasting adieu, and tell you that from this day forward, we must be strangers to each other. This is the first day in the year. I wish you happiness during this opening year, and recollect that unless you amend your life, no happiness will you enjoy. Think of Emeline as dead to you forever!

She then left the room. Robert stood a moment looking after her in bewildered amazement, and then said to himself; 'Has it come to this! Must paradise be snatched from my very grasp! Must every spring of joy be poisoned—and by my father too! Was it not enough that he sought to degrade me—drove me from his door, a houseless wanderer, and sent me naked forth—but he must also pursue me thus, haunt me wherever I go, and endeavor to blast every germ of hope which springs up in my path!'

Robert's feelings were embittered. This last blow severed every tie of natural affection which had linked him to his parent. His nature was changed. There arose in his soul a desperate purpose of revenge which he could not control. He left the house, and, penniless, became a rover in other climes.

Poor Emeline had armed herself with all the resolution she could command to give her lover his final discharge. She had indeed been able to cast him from her while she felt sure of his love. While she was confident, that if at any time she changed her mind, she could recall him, it was no difficult matter to bid him leave her. But Emeline's heart was not of adamant and she had taxed her powers to the utmost in thus withstanding the force of his affection. As soon as she retired, there was a sudden and violent reaction in her mind. She threw herself upon her couch, and gave way to repeated floods of bitter tears. Robert was tugging at her heart-strings and she regretted her hasty conduct. Yet conscience again whispered her that she had done her duty—that she had sacrificed inclination to principle. The thought would then obtrude itself that Mr. Franklin might be unjustly prejudiced against his son, for she had never heard his mother or sisters say anything unfavorable with respect to him. On the next morning, she arose after an uneasy slumber, filled with the most frightful dreams. The recollection of the scene of the last evening pressed on her mind, and the reeking wound was opened afresh. She however inwardly indulged a hope that she dare not confess to herself. She persuaded herself that Robert would reform, and that he would continue to be her admirer, so that whenever circumstances permitted her to encourage him, she should have nothing to do but to extend her hand and lift him to her side. Several days passed on, and the agony of her mind was not at all relieved. She had supposed that Robert would pay her another visit, when she meant to hold out to him a little encouragement, by hinting that a reconciliation might be the consequence of his sincere repentance and amendment. But day succeeded day and Robert came not. She saw the gloomy sun sink in the western sky, and the cold

winter wind roared in the tall trees that surrounded the house, but the youth still was a delinquent. About the fifth day after Robert's departure, she heard some one ring the bell. She ran to the door in her eagerness to open it—but ere her fingers had touched the lock, she shrunk back under the apprehension that Robert—for she doubted not it was he—would presume on her condescension, if he suspected she knew who was there. A servant soon came and opened the door while Emeline stepped aside into the front room. She heard the voice of Judith Franklin. She ran out into the hall, and saw that Judith was in tears.

'Can you tell me anything about my brother?' cried Judith as soon as Emeline appeared.

'Is he not at home?' said Emeline, turning very pale.

'Oh! then you have not seen him?' cried Judith, weeping aloud—'He is gone then—he is gone off, and will never return. He left us five days ago, and we have heard nothing of him since that time.'

Emeline gave one shudder, and dropped into the arms of the servant—'It is I—I—I—cruel that I was! I have done it!' said Emeline faintly.

'No—it cannot be!' exclaimed Judith, seizing her hand wildly. 'Surely Emeline—my friend—you have not tortured my poor unfortunate brother! oh! was it not sufficient that his father drove him from the house, and sent him forth, without a friend, upon the wide world; but you, too—you whom he loved better than he did himself—you must turn against him too, in the hour of his affliction! Oh, cruel! cruel! ungenerous Emeline!'

Judith then gave Emeline a look of severe reproof, and hurried from the house. Emeline had listened to Judith's cutting remarks with maddening interest—she had known nothing of Robert's misfortunes—she had addressed her lover as the minion of wealth and power, and still her own heart had chid her for her cruelty; but now when she discovered that he had called upon her in the hour of his calamity, that he had sought her out, previous to leaving his home, to become a penniless wanderer on the bleak waste of this heartless world, and that there was no hope that she should ever have an opportunity of binding up the wounds which she had inflicted on his constant and devoted heart, her strength forsook her, and she lay as one dead in the arms of the servant who supported her.

As soon as recollection returned, she threw on her cloak, and sallied forth to inquire which way Robert had gone. She discovered that he had taken the stage for a seaport town. She hastily wrote a letter to him, in which she begged him to forget all that she had said, and to return immediately to her; promising that she would become his wife without delay, and give him a lawful claim to her fortune, which was considerable. She inclosed in the letter a bank bill of some amount—sealed, superscribed, and put it in the post office.

Robert received the letter, but too late to profit by it. In his despair, he had shipped on board of a vessel bound on a two years' voyage, and the letter was not handed him until the ship had been at sea two days, on account of the negligence of the officer who took the ship's letters from the office.

Robert besought the captain to put him ashore, promising him a great reward for doing so. But he replied that the vessel was now a great distance from the land, and that he could not consistent with his duty grant the young man's petition, although he expressed himself as very sorry on account of the youth's misfortune. Therefore Robert was obliged to go to the East Indies in the ship. It was about two years before he returned home. Emeline had not once been absent from his thoughts, and through all the hardships and dangers which he had passed, she had been the star of his comfort, the bright hope which lit the future with radiance. On landing in his own country, Robert immediately set out for his native town. He reached it with the most violent emotions thrilling in his breast. He had not even thought of returning to his father's house. But he went to the door of Mrs. Milbank, and found no admittance. The house was both dark and silent. Despair seized him; and he was about leaving the town, never more to return, when it occurred to him it would be well enough to go down to his father's house, and without making himself known, inquire for his Emeline. He drew near the house, and as he passed by the window, the form of his lovely maid caught his eye. Without hesitation he entered, and to the unspeakable joy of all present, stood in the midst of the happy circle. The circumstances of his voyage were set forth—and the truth was immediately communicated to him by his sister.

It appeared that his father died suddenly soon after Robert's departure and that his mother and sisters invited Mrs. Milbank and Emeline to reside with them, which invitation they gladly accepted. Language cannot set forth the joy which followed the return of Robert—the former confidence and affections were called into exercise between the lovers, and on the succeeding new year's eve they were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. We leave them in the full enjoyment of the 'HONEY MOON,' surrounded by their mothers and sisters, with an abundance of the good things of this world—a firm confidence in God, and a lively hope of coming immortality in full exercise. But how long the sisters of Robert will remain in a state of single blessedness, I cannot define; but appearances indicate, that, if it were not 'leap year,' the neighbors will be satisfied, before another new year's eve, that they are contented to do well, and leave it for others to do better.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.—NO. VII.

Original.

IN the preceding numbers have been shown the methods of awakening and continuing an interest in study in the pupil's mind, and method is the pioneer of effect. Except the teacher exerts the means of rendering his instruction efficient, he certainly will accomplish nothing; and, while his design and duty are to open the minds of his scholars to the truth—to imbue their hearts with its spirit—to engage them in its cause—to guide them by its precepts—to form

their characters by its principles—to elevate their moral powers by its practice—to cultivate their intellectual faculties by its tendencies, and, to rejoice their spirits by its hopes, it is to be presumed that the instructor, while he makes every effort for the attainment of these objects, having in view the glorious results, will feel a proportionable interest and zeal. A great deal depends upon the engagedness of the teacher in his duties. This has been particularly considered heretofore. Punctuality, as a needful and desirable example to the children, and as a medium of success has been shown necessary; and, as punctuality is indispensable as a visible example to the scholar, and an avenue to desirable ends, so a zeal on the part of the teacher, is in every respect as requisite in the light of an example, and as a means adapted to the accomplishment of ends. Zeal, while it shows the engagedness of the teacher, and his interest in the cause, is the outward representation of a practical and well affected mind, and, as such, can certainly be of no disadvantage to the scholar. The absolute necessity, on the part of the teacher, of a practice of what he enjoins upon the pupil, has been previously descanted upon; and zeal, as being the outlet at which the superabundance of a well affected mind naturally evinces itself, not only proves that the teacher has made his instructions of practical utility to himself, but gives his scholars an example which, as has been said before, is desirable and necessary. The design of sabbath school instruction, to sum it up in a few words, is, to render our pupils acceptable and useful members of society. Hence the desired induction of their minds into correct principles of practical morality. We wish to awaken them to a sense and a knowledge of their duties in life, and above all to engage them in their practice, as without practice, knowledge would be most obviously null. The necessity then not only of a corresponding practice, but of a proportionable interest and zeal in the performance of his duties on the part of the teacher is manifest as a matter of consistency. If we wish to excite our scholars to an interest and performance of their various duties, it is but certain that we must not only thus inform them, but we must precede them. It would be most inconsistent for the commander of a regiment, to desire his men to proceed to the assault, and, leaving them to take the lead, retire into the rear, and merely follow them. His post is at the head; he must urge his men onward by counsel and encourage them by example. And such is the position of the sabbath teacher to his scholars; he stands to them in the relation of a director and a leader; and as such he may not advise and leave his pupils alone to perform; as a director he may counsel, but as a leader he must encourage by practice; treading the path he would wish his charge to tread, and cheerfully and zealously engaging in what he would wish them to perform, and if possible, excelling in all at which he would lead them to attain, that they may have and aim at a perfect and high standard; and be sure that the scholar will not the less readily perform what he beholds his teacher willingly undertake and practice.

But we have been confining our remarks perhaps too exclusively to the zeal of example; and now we

wish to call the attention to a remark which has been previously made, namely, except the teacher exerts the means of rendering his instruction efficient, he certainly will accomplish nothing; and it is as certain that the more zealously he exerts them, the more ably and readily will he accomplish the desired end. If the teacher enters heartlessly and feebly upon his duties, seemingly caring not for the success of the cause which demands his attention, his success must necessarily be proportionate. His instructions would fall upon the pupil's mind, and, like a ball of elastic substance upon a board, produce a sound, but make no impression. Feeling no interest at all, he would neglect the requisite preparation, which would fit him for rendering the subjects taught, lucid to his pupils, and for answering their various inquiries, and satisfying their want and desire for knowledge; and, thus his duty being but half done would render entirely void his instructions. The teacher must engage heart and hand in the cause and duty he undertakes, and then it is to be expected that the sabbath school system will prosper and eventuate in the result at which it is directed. Zeal has been shown necessary as an example, it is none the less so as a medium for desirable success and effects. It is requisite as imparting efficiency to the teacher's instruction. With the desire and determination to do, on the part of the teacher, nothing can fail which he undertakes. They will give an energy to his endeavors which cannot fail ultimately to accomplish that to which they tend. They will lend an impressive earnestness to his manner, which must engage the pupil's attention. Founded in the love of the cause and a respect to duty, zeal is but the offspring of engaged affections, and these affections will glow forth in every word and action of the teacher, and find a genial spark in the bosom of the scholar, which spark, lit by the fire of affinity, will blaze forth into brightness, and find fuel in those instructions which otherwise would be of a tendency to stifle its latent warmth. The teacher then to be successful must not only have regard to system and method—must not only pay attention to the subordinate means of rendering instruction effectual for the accomplishment of its ends, but he must engage in methods and means with zeal, which is the grand key-stone of the whole—the thing necessary for the confirmation and stability of the entire fabric of systems and subordinates. Let us then be 'zealously affected in a good cause,' and have our 'zeal according to knowledge,' and the teacher's instruction will be most efficient for the promotion of its object, and the scholars will increase in wisdom, and arrive at the stature of manhood with hearts confirmed in truth, with virtue implanted in their souls, and with minds directed towards and gladly clinging to the 'one thing needful;' while the truth and the precepts and practice of the principles of the truth shall descend from them to their children, till generation after generation enjoy and practice the same to the renovation of society; and thus ultimately shall 'sabbath schools redeem a dying world.'

D. J. M.

Are Wars between nations ever justifiable?

BRIEF EXPOSITION.

Original.

'I and my father are one.'—JESUS CHRIST.

THAT this language only means, that God and Christ are one in counsel and affection, and not one God or Being as many suppose, the following scriptures will plainly prove. John xvii. 21, 22. Praying for his disciples, Jesus says: 'That they all may be one, as thou Father art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; and the glory which thou givest me, I have given them, that they may be one, even as we are one.' Now here he prayed that his apostles might be one in him and the Father, in the same sense that he and his Father were one. But can any one suppose that he prayed that his apostles might be eternal Gods in one person? Certainly not. Then the language of him and his Father being one, does not mean one God, but one in affection and counsel—one in mind in accomplishing the work of salvation, by spreading the gospel of Christ.

There are other passages which are as often misunderstood as the one now noticed. And we will name one more—'Who thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but made himself of no reputation.' The strict meaning of this passage is—who thought not of the robbery to be equal with God, but made himself of no reputation. This makes the sense clear and harmonious; but as the passage now stands, it contradicts itself. If Christ thought it not robbery to be equal with God, he must in so doing, have made himself of great reputation.—Suppose a man should say—'I do not think it robbery to make myself equal to George Washington, but in so doing make myself of no reputation. Would not this be a contradiction in terms? Certainly, because he, who made himself equal with Washington, would make himself of great reputation.

To say that Christ thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but made himself of no reputation in so doing, is a contradiction, because he who makes himself equal with God, must, if it be true, be of the highest reputation. Wakefield, who was far from being a Universalist, renders the passage thus—Christ being in the image of God, did not eagerly grasp at this resemblance to God, but made himself of no reputation. The plain rendering of the passage is—Who thought not of the robbery to be equal with God, but made himself of no reputation, by taking the form of a servant. This settles the meaning of the passage and harmonizes the language.

'He that has seen me hath seen the Father also, and how sayest thou show us the Father?' is another passage often quoted to prove the trinity. This simply means that Christ was sent of the Father to do his work—he was his messenger—his agent; he labored in his cause, went about doing his Father's business, not his own. He said, 'Father, not my will, but thine be done.' He was also the moral image of his Father. Hence, in seeing him, we see the Father in all his moral perfections. In hearing him, we hear the Father, for he spoke the words of God. In seeing his miracles, we see the

power of the Father. Christ, in fact, explains it himself. He says—'Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? Else believe me for the very work's sake—for the Father in me doeth the work.' Here he acknowledges that what he does by the power of God is the Father doing it. Peter healed the impotent man who sat at the gate Beautiful to ask alms. But when he was questioned about it he said—it was not done by him, but by Jesus of Nazareth. But would any suppose that Peter was Jesus from the language he employs? No. And yet there is the same propriety in it, as to suppose that Christ is the Father merely because he said it was the Father in him that did the work. As Christ was the express image of his Father, and the brightness of his glory, so in seeing him, we see the Father also. The image is often called by the name of the person whom it represents. In looking upon a portrait, we often ask—who is that? In answer, the name of the person it represents is given, when it is only his image or likeness.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

Original.

Thou art come in thy glory, thou newly-born year,
With the robe of thy beauty flung wide—
With the spell of thy power investing our sphere,
And curling the turbulent tide.

Thou art come in thy majesty—bride-like and bright
Are the jewels that circle thy zone,
And thy tresses, in dalliance, are taking delight
With the tempest, to which they are strewn.

The clouds wreath their grandeur around thy pure brow,
The winds weave their melodies there;
And the moon gathers thence, for the dim earth below,
The glory her crescent doth wear.

The stars shed their sentinel beams o'er thy path,
And glisten with fulness of glee,
While the whirlwind folds round thee its mantle of wrath,
And the snow-flake floats wildly and free.

Thou art come in the pride of thy morning, O, year!
But, the pride of thy morning will fade,
And the robe of thy beauty must soon disappear,
And the spell of thy power be stayed.

Thou art come in the pomp of thy springtide and bloom,
In the splendors of royalty drest;
But the clouds that now crown thee shall garland thy tomb,
And the winds sing a dirge o'er thy rest. D. J. M.

THE BLIGHTED HEART.—A TALE.

Original.

'Rose,' said Mary Stanhope to her sister, on one dark afternoon in December, 'it appears to me that you have become quite dressy of late. Not an afternoon arrives, but your person is decked off like that of a bride. Pray, sister, what is the meaning of it?'

'Your eyes are sharper than mine, if you say so,' said Rose, 'for I have been looking in the glass this

half hour, and think my head-dress never looked worse than it does to day, and—'

'Been looking in the glass this half hour!' cried Mary, 'then I am certain there is something in the wind. Come, who do you expect this afternoon?'

'What has put that wise notion into your head?' said Rose. 'What reason have you to suppose that I expect any one?'

'Can you tell me so, when you know I shall find out the truth when the visiter comes?'

'Well you had better wait till he comes, before you judge,' answered Rose pettishly.

'He! Is it a HE?' cried Mary, laughing, 'pray who is the young gentleman who will have the honor of holding a tete-a-tete with my coy sister?'

'Since you are so inquisitive,' replied Rose, while her dark eyes sparkled with pride, 'I will tell you that I expect Charles Farroff here this evening.'

Mary shuddered, and laid her hand gently on her sister's arm. Rose was surprised at her agitation and hastily inquired the cause.

'That is a delicate question,' said Mary, 'because this is a very delicate business, and the interference of a friend on such occasions is not very thankfully received.'

'Oh, I understand you!' cried Rose—'you do not like the beaux. Well, you are very excusable, for it is only tit for tat. The men will not grieve, I can assure you, my prudent sister; but if you choose to be an old maid yourself, it does not give you a right to try to make one of me.'

'Far be it from me to do so, my unthinking girl,' said Mary, in those calm tones for which she was remarkable—but to avoid being an old maid, it is not necessary for you to throw yourself away on every youth who happens to tell you that your eyes are like diamonds and your hair like threads of Guinea gold!'

'And pray what sort of a wooer would you have?' inquired Rose; 'would you prefer a man that told you that you were old and wrinkled, and black and ugly?'

Mary smiled quietly, and then answered, 'No, my sister, but I would have a man whose character was without a stain—upon whom the breath of slander dare not breathe, and whose sobriety, decorum, and modesty were conspicuous in his every word and action.'

'You would have a man,' said Rose, sharply, 'who never opened his lips but to give utterance to a moral reflection, whose countenance was always as oracular as a mile stone, and whose wit was scarce as butter-flies in winter. No, Mary, you need not try to prejudice me against my Charles—'

'Your Charles! has it gone so far?' asked Mary.

'Then, indeed, you are a lost girl. He is nothing better than a fortune hunter, and his love for you is like the bait with which foxes are taken. He is incapable of the tender passion.'

'Indeed!' said Rose. 'Then is nothing to be known by a man's words.'

'He may call you his angel, and promise to make your home a Paradise,' coolly replied Mary; 'but all this is a mere matter of course. He is too light and chatty to be a constant lover. He makes poetry about your pretty feet and your little white hands; but depend upon it, like other authors, he would not

do so if he did not expect to bring his poems to a good market—and then it appears to me that he does not treat you with that distance and respect which a man should always maintain towards one of our sex. He will be a tyrant to his wife, if he ever marries.’

‘I am more and more convinced, every day, that you are becoming an old maid,’ said the light-hearted Rose, ‘why all this ado because Charles kissed my hand when he took leave of me at my aunt’s.’

While they were thus talking, a tall, slender, well-dressed man passed the window at which the two sisters were standing, and bowed very politely to Mary. Rose now turned the tables on her sister, and attacked her with her most vigorous raillery.

‘So, my man-hating Mensor,’ said she, ‘I am likely to have company, I see. I shall not go to the altar alone. But who is the exalted personage that has presumed to make the sign chivalric to so cold, distant, and loveless a being as the single-hearted Mary?’

‘Mr. Wolcott,’ said Mary in reply, ‘is a gentleman whom you do not well to ridicule. He is not a giddy young pretender, like the youth of whom we were just speaking. I met him last week at a party, and was struck by the very respectful manner in which he addressed himself to the ladies present. Some conversation passed between him and me, with respect to the prevailing follies of the age, and I found that our sentiments coincided exactly; but there is no particular acquaintance between us. He is a gentleman whose character stands very fair, and he is no fortune hunter, for he has property of his own.’

‘He is a single man, of course?’ said Rose.

‘Certainly,’—answered Mary,—‘but one whose whole deportment is as orderly as that of a reputable married man. He does not flirt with the girls, but treats them as rational beings.’

‘Then I should suppose him to be just the man that would captivate your heart, but he would not please me at all,’ said Rose. ‘You say that his sentiments agree with yours. No doubt, then, we shall have a visit from him; and to tell you the truth, I should think you might as well embrace the opportunity of getting a husband to your liking.’

‘Marriage is a subject,’ replied Mary, ‘which deserves serious consideration. I think a woman’s usefulness is very much curtailed when she links her destiny with the man she loves. I shall never be in a haste to marry, I can assure you.’

‘We shall see how long you will act upon that principle,’ replied Rose. But at that instant a youth came briskly up the steps and rang the bell. Rose bounded off towards the door like a young fawn, while her sister endeavored to detain her and told her that her conduct was very improper. Rose soon led in the favored youth, and introduced him to her sister as Mr. Charles Farroll. Mary had never spoken to him before, and merely nodded coldly now; but he saluted her very cordially and then fell to rattling with Rose.

‘So,’ said he, drawing his chair up towards the fender, ‘I find you both shut up in your castle here like two dames of antiquity. I must act the knight, and try to relieve one of you from your prison

—but, faith, I hardly know which of you it will be.’

‘The right of precedence is with the oldest,’ said Rose, with a furtive glance at her demure sister.

‘It first remains to be proved whether such a release would be an improvement of our condition,’ said Mary with some severity in her manner.

The youth looked inquiringly at Rose, and was evidently unprepared for so serious a rebuff; but his constitutional gaiety soon returned, and he ran on with much easy banter and drollery, until Mary, unable any longer to restrain her risibles, arose and walked with great dignity out of the room.

‘I say, Rosy,’ said the youth, as Mary closed the door, ‘that sister of yours is a philosopher, is she not? I must take a lesson in metaphysics before I come here again. She would look down Momus himself!’

‘I believe my sister is a very good girl, and is interested in my welfare,’ said Rose—‘As a convincing proof of it, she has warned me against you.’

‘And you would not listen to her! Oh! perverse Rosy, how shall I ever be able to marry you, when even your staid sister can do nothing with you. I wish you would listen to her advice.’

‘Perhaps I shall,’ said Rose, gravely.

‘If you do, I shall take her,’ said Charles, ‘for what an excellent thing it would be to have a wife and mother in the same person. Besides you know that I am rash and thoughtless, and need a guardian. Now you are as bad as myself; and such a giddy dance as we should lead down the path of life, would bring up, no one knows where!’

‘But Charles,’ said Rose, ‘you know that we cannot live on love, and you have no regular business by which to provide for a family. I sometimes think that you ought to prepare for the future.’

‘Pshaw!’ said Charles, ‘why trouble my head about that? You have money enough for us both!’

‘Solo!’ cried Rose, ‘my sister told me that you were a fortune-hunter, and I begin to believe it. Now, what if I were to tell you that until you were established in some profitable business I should have no more to say to you?’

I should be very much inclined not to believe you; for I believe that one great satisfaction that you derive from the prospect of a union with me is that you will confer a favor on the man you love!’

Rose was silent, and sat a moment regarding with wonder the man who so recklessly told her he was in pursuit of her fortune, and, in the next moment, laid bare the secret of her own heart. Rose loved him deeply and tenderly, and perhaps the very frankness and boldness of his manner was the quality which had first excited the interest which she felt for him. We are not apt to suspect those who have no disguise. They had not sat silent long, before the door opened, and Mr. Wolcott, the tall gentleman, was ushered into the room by Mary. He entered much like the stranger that he really was, and if his manners were not so easy as those of Charles Farroll, there was a lofty and reserved dignity in his bearing which seemed to proclaim a man of conscious worth and deep reflection. Mary introduced him to her sister, but did not appear to recollect that poor Charles was in the room. Rose expeditiously remedied the defect by introducing him herself. Wolcott bowed distantly

to the youth, and there was a frown on Mary's brow, as if the ceremony was too degrading to her lover, for such no one could now doubt he affected to be. When the party were all seated, a short silence prevailed. During this silence, Mr. Wolcott surveyed Charles with close attention, and appeared soon to have satisfied himself of how matters stood between him and Rose.

'I thought I should be likely to find you at home on such a day as this,' said he at last, addressing Mary, 'and my happiness is equal to my good fortune.'

Mary looked as stately as if the King of England had paid her a compliment, as she replied, 'Yes, sir—I do not go much abroad. I can generally find useful employment at home, and seldom mix with the gay and thoughtless creatures who are frisking about the streets from morning till night. I believe I told you my sentiments on that subject the other evening.'

'Miss Stanhope does me great injustice if she supposes that one word which she has ever uttered in my hearing can have passed my recollection,' said he courteously, but with great gravity. 'I have been myself something of a wanderer to-day. I have been out to see my factory in D——, and have attended to much other important business. I fear my health has suffered somewhat from so much exposure.'

'It behooves a gentleman of your standing and importance in society to guard well your health,' said Mary—'for the community cannot bear the loss of worthy men with indifference. There are so many useless, not to say, mischievous young upstarts crowding upon us from all quarters, that respectable members of society cannot well be spared.' During the latter part of this speech, Mary looked steadily at Charles, and although he appeared not to notice it, Rose's cheek was flushed with uncontrollable indignation.

'If, sister,' said Rose, 'you mean to allude to Mr. Charles Farroll, I must take the liberty to tell you that his being your sister's visiter should guard him from open insult. Charles lays no claim to perfection. Those who do, should, at least, add good manners to the calendar of their virtues.'

Mary was not prepared for so pointed a reproof from her sister. Rose had generally borne Mary's censures, when they were launched at herself, with great patience, but it was now evident that she would not tamely put up with a direct attack upon him she loved better than all the world beside. Mr. Wolcott seemed very much inclined to enact the part of a peace-maker, but Mary was not to be appeased. She reserved the expression of her anger for a more suitable opportunity, but, the look of contempt which she bestowed upon Charles was not calculated to heal the breach. Charles carelessly said to the indignant Rose, 'My dear girl, do not take any offence, I beseech you. I am always willing to receive reproof and instruction from my ELDERS.' It may be justly supposed that Mary, whose personal charms were beginning to lose their freshness, did not much relish this reference to antiquity; but her look of scorn and insulted dignity was wholly lost on the youth, whose countenance betrayed such an expression of unconscious innocence as gave her no opportunity to exult.

And when, upon glancing at Mr. Wolcott, she detected a slight smile curling his lip at this ridiculous scene, she despaired of any redress from that quarter, and felt herself fairly foiled at her own weapons. They were soon called to tea. Mary presided at the table, and forgot to serve Charles with a cup, but Rose amply made up the deficiency by such constant and marked attentions that Mary bit her lip with vexation. Indeed, Mr. Wolcott himself was guilty of some little civilities to the persecuted youth, and showed an evident desire to form an acquaintance with him. This Mary thought was very degrading to her lover, and she took the first opportunity to make him acquainted with Charles's worthlessness.

'Are there any openings now-a-days for young men to engage in business, who are out of employment, and whose characters suffer from such a misfortune?' said she. Wolcott replied that there were openings for steady and industrious men of any age.

'Steady and industrious ones!' cried Mary, looking sarcastically at Charles. 'It was not such that I alluded to. I thought it my duty to recommend to your protection one who will, probably, be soon a member of the family, in defiance of the expressed wishes of—'

'Yourself,' interrupted Rose. 'The delicate manner in which you make known the kind interest which you take in my affairs convinces me of your sensibility; and I feel it my duty to remove the eyesore, both with a regard to his feelings and your own. Mr. Farroll, I have ordered a fire to be kindled in another apartment. If you please, we will retire.'

'Your wish is law,' said Charles, and then bowing extremely low, with a ludicrous expression of profound reverence to the offended Mary, he followed his Rose to a private room.

Mr. Wolcott sat playing with his spoon, apparently at a loss to resume the conversation with Mary. She was unable to speak for some time. After the first gush of resentment was over, Mary said, 'I am afraid, Mr. Wolcott, that you will form but a sad idea of our family economy. These scenes are very rare with us; nor was it at all expected on this occasion. I have felt it my duty to caution my rash sister against the young man whose conduct has given you so much pain. Indeed! his upstart insolence is intolerable. He was, until very lately, a stranger to us all; but he has taken advantage of a slight acquaintance formed with Rose at a ball, to insult us by his presence. He was never in the house before, I assure you; and I shall endeavor to prevent a recurrence of the like calamity. I am really very much concerned for my poor sister.'

'And with good cause, no doubt,' said Mr. Wolcott with some abstraction in his looks. 'Pray who is the young pretender, madam?'

'His name you are already acquainted with,' said Mary; 'but his character is one that is hardly worth knowing. He is an unprincipled adventurer who has imposed upon the credulity of my sister. His whole employment seems to be that of writing songs, acrostics, and other foolery. You know what a poet by trade is, Mr. Wolcott, of course. A man he is with no profession, and, I trust, a mere trifle of property. He has no influence in society, and has no regular

business. You know that such a man is, at best, a suspicious character.'

'Oh! yes, yes, madam, very suspicious,' said Wolcott, in a tone that showed his thoughts were wholly occupied by some other subject.

'What would you advise me to do, sir?' asked Mary, 'you are a gentleman of experience in the world, whose judgment is matured, and whose opinion in these matters must be of great importance.'

'Oh, certainly—certainly—of great importance.'

'Sir!' said Mary.

Wolcott was restored to recollection by the look of surprise which Mary gave, and she then went on, 'what would you advise me to do in the case of this young man?'

'I think,' said Wolcott, with a very respectful inclination of the head, 'that matters are now so far gone with Farroll and Rose that it would be difficult to prevent their union, without great injury and violence to your sister's feelings. I think it is best to choose the least of two evils. All that we can now do is to mould over this young man, and try to give his mind the right bent. I will undertake for him, when he has become Rose's husband, and do not doubt that I can give him a taste for honorable business. The cares of a family will soon convince him that he cannot be happy in a course of profligacy and vice. I will then step in, and save him and his for—ahem! and save him from ruin.'

'Alas! I do not know but you are right,' said Mary. 'My sister is so infatuated that I despair of opening her eyes to her own interest, or convincing her of her danger. It is a sad alternative—but I will be guided by your better judgment. It is very friendly in you to offer to do so much.'

'Not at all, my admirable Miss Stanhope; but I shall be obliged to ask that you will convince your sister of the propriety of our course, in order that he may come to me with her recommendation. The difference in our ages and in our pursuits, might present a troublesome obstacle to our intimacy, otherwise.'

'Oh! certainly, sir'—said Mary. 'I will do all that lies in my power, to bring about so desirable an event. But let me caution you, generous sir, against permitting your concern for him as my sister's husband to do yourself an injury in the eyes of the more discreet part of the community. I would be seen as little in his company, publicly, as possible. I would rather be his secret adviser—for no respectable person would think it worth his while to be known as the friend of Farroll.'

'Be assured, my dear madam, that your kind interest in my own welfare is too flattering not to impress me with—in short, my dear madam, from the first time that I saw you, I do assure you—I cannot be blind—that is insensible—I am certainly the most grateful of men.'

'Gratitude is a pleasing emotion of the mind,' said Mary, feeling as if a new era in her life was straightway to commence. 'But really, Mr. Wolcott, I should think that any person who claimed an acquaintance with you could not avoid feeling a deep interest in your welfare.'

'I cannot deny that I have many good friends who

would peril their all in my service,' said Wolcott, 'and if I can rank Miss Stanhope amongst the number, surely a prince might envy me. Indeed, my dear madam, your friendship would be particularly grateful to me. I do not know how to account for it, but from the moment that I first saw you—indeed, my dear madam, I have not words to express myself.'

Mary felt a strange fluttering at her heart, and hung her head in silence. Wolcott then went on, 'Have you ever thought much of the marriage state, madam?'

'Alas!' said she, 'it appears to me to be a state full of trials and anxieties. I believe that unless a woman marries a man whose thoughts and feelings are congenial with her own, she is in danger of wrecking her peace forever.'

'Congenial souls,' said he, 'do sometimes meet—I trust you understand me, madam.'

'Oh! sir, you are so personal,' cried Mary, giving him a glance which was meant to be very tender and bewitching.

'And when they do meet—oh! Miss Stanhope,' continued he, falling on his knees—'you little know how much our short acquaintance has done towards making me your slave forever.'

'Rise! rise! my dear sir!' cried she. 'That posture should never be assumed but in addressing the Creator.'

'Never will I rise,' said he, 'until you say something to flatter my rising hopes. Miss Stanhope, your lover lies suppliant at your feet!'

'Oh, my yielding heart!' exclaimed Mary—'indeed, Mr. Wolcott, my feelings for you are very—very—save me from from saying more, dear Mr. Wolcott.'

'You have said all that could infuse life into these veins, and now will I rise!' cried he. 'Oh! Miss Stanhope, I am your worshipper for life.'

Their conversation now became remarkably tender, and they adjourned to the sitting room; where in the course of a couple of hours, their wedding day was fixed, and Mary Stanhope, spinster of thirty, agreed to become Mrs. Wolcott at the end of one month.

Charles had not been less successful with Rose, and their marriage day had been fixed on the last Sunday in the ensuing month, so that Mary would become a bride at least two weeks before her sister.

The consent of the parents was soon obtained, for Mary was deemed old enough to be the builder of her own destiny; and the persecuted Charles had more friends than Mary had imagined. She had judged, like many others, that because Charles's inclinations and habits were not in consonance with her own, nobody else could think well of him. Upon inquiry, Mr. Stanhope discovered that Charles bore an excellent character, and that his connexions were very worthy people. As to Mary, now that she had at length obtained one of the other sex, her pride towered aloft like a pyramid. She did not seem to consider Rose's marriage as a matter of any importance at all, excepting that she occasionally rated that artless girl for throwing herself and her fortune away upon Charles. She, however, very generously in-

sinuated that she should permit her husband to keep an eye on the youth, and endeavor to reform him.

At length the month passed away, and the grandiloquent Mary was led to the altar by her congenial spirit the lofty Mr. Wolcott. Mary brought him a handsome dowry which he took possession of as soon as possible. He was heard to speak no more of his factory from that day forward, but he furnished a house handsomely with Mary's money, and she prepared to lead a happy life with the respectable and mighty Wolcott. Rose was also married. As soon as the knot was tied, Charles opened a large store, for which he had been sometime preparing, and his pleasing and lively manners brought him much custom. Rose was as happy as woman could be, and every day discovered some new trait of excellence in her young and enterprising husband. Rose and Charles had been married about three weeks, when a carriage drove up to their door, and the stately Mrs. Wolcott descended. She entered the house like a princess paying a visit to one of her inferior vassals, and marched directly into the room where Rose sat. Rose welcomed her sister, who returned her salutation with an imperious look, and then sat down.

'Well, Rose, how do you succeed?' said she. 'Is there any hope that you will be able to live comfortably with the poor thing?'

'What poor thing do you allude to, sister—I really don't understand you.'

'I mean your husband,' said Mary. 'Is there any prospect of his attending to his business, and behaving as the husband of Mr. Stanhope's daughter should behave; or does he loiter away his time at places of public amusement, and make verses on your scented handkerchief, for a living?'

'You forget, sister, that you are speaking of the master of the house in which you are at this moment a visitor,' said Rose, coloring.

'I forget that it is possible for my sister to think of such a master of the house when I am in it,' replied Mary, 'and my object in paying you this visit, is to inquire if there is anything I can do to prevent you and your thoughtless husband from going to ruin.'

'I believe your services will not be needed,' said Rose. 'If such is the object of your visit, I have no farther reply to make. My name is now Rose Farroll. Perhaps you had forgotten that I had chosen him for my future protector, and the governor of my destiny.'

'This to me—your elder sister!' cried Mary.

'Yes, even more,' said Rose. 'I shall regard any person who enters this house, and endeavors to prejudice me against my husband, as an incendiary, whose presence is, to say the least, undesirable.'

Hereupon Mary began to grow cool, for she saw that she had begun in too high a key, and she merely requested Rose to desire her husband to ask advice of Mr. Wolcott in all difficult cases, as he was a man of very high standing, and thoroughly acquainted with business. Rose consented to do so, and Mrs. Wolcott then left the house in as haughty a manner as she had entered it. When Charles came home, Rose told him that she had received a visit from her sister, and that she desired him to avail himself of

Mr. Wolcott's knowledge of business—carefully omitting the offensive remarks which Mary had seen fit to use during the interview.—Charles, who saw nothing more in the affair than an act of neighborly kindness expressed himself gratified by her attentions, and suggested that he should be the more attentive to Mr. Wolcott's advice in order to heal all bickerings that had previously passed between Mary and himself. Rose did not undeceive him, for she was ashamed of her sister's interference.

A few days after this event, Mr. Wolcott called at Charles's office, and very courteously addressed him. Charles received him with the utmost cordiality, but Wolcott did not make any important remark with regard to the particular business in which Charles was engaged. Indeed, he did not appear to be very well versed in mercantile affairs. Wolcott soon left, and Charles did not see him again under a week, when he was unusually affable and condescending, all of which made an impression on the ingenuous mind of the youth. Charles had indeed begun to regard him with considerable respect. Thus several months passed on, and Charles flourished in his business greatly. He was discovered to be honest and faithful. He never took advantage of a customer's ignorance to charge him more than the real worth of an article; but proved to be a high-minded and honorable man on all occasions. Therefore did he receive calls for goods incessantly. Rose saw the fortune which she had brought him, so far from being squandered, was nearly doubled. Yet, with all these advantages, Charles was the same open-hearted, free, and unassuming person that he had ever been. Wolcott had become a constant visitor both at Charles's office, and at the house, and there was a considerable intimacy subsisting between him and his brother-in-law.

It was the evening after Rose had presented her husband with a promising heir, that Wolcott called on Charles and asked him to walk with him. Charles immediately consented, and they walked together to another part of the town, when they came to a long alley up which Wolcott led the youth. They encountered a house where several men were at play at games of chance. They started up, and addressed Wolcott like an old acquaintance. Charles was somewhat surprised, but could not for a moment suspect anything wrong in so grave, sentimental, and honorable a person as Mr. Wolcott. Wolcott helped Charles to a glass of wine into which something of a more intoxicating nature had been covertly introduced. Charles soon began to be talkative, and Wolcott introduced him to the players. At length Wolcott said in a jesting way, 'come Farroll, what do you say if we just for amusement try to win a dollar from these merry men and true. It can do no great harm, although I have set my face against gambling, from my youth up.' Charles hesitated a little, but Wolcott's liveliness and raillery soon overcame him, and he sat down to the table. Charles began to play, and soon won a small sum. Wolcott clapped him on the back, and wished him joy. Charles risked more and still continued to win, until the time came for retiring. Charles then went home with his gains in his pocket, highly pleased

with Wolcott, whom he supposed to be the finest fellow that ever lived. He did not tell Rose anything about the gaming table, but said to her that Wolcott was a noble fellow, and had already been of some advantage to him. He then kissed his little boy, and told him he would one day make a great man, and be an honor to the family. Rose raised her head from the pillow and kissed the lips of her husband, of whom she was very proud, not only on account of his own merits, but because he had so completely proved the falsehood of his ill-omened traducers.

Charles did not see Wolcott again for several weeks, but at the end of that time he received a visit from him. Wolcott rallied Charles upon his steady habits, and said that he should think that a man who could make his hundreds in one night, would hardly set himself down to realize the slow profits of trade. Charles replied that although his gains at his store were not so rapid as they had been in the gaming-house, there was a steady stream flowing in, and that there was but little risk to jeopardize what he had already earned. Wolcott then changed his mode of attack, and told Charles that his close attention to business was making serious inroads upon his health.

'You must certainly be in error there,' answered Charles, 'for I never felt better in my life.'

'Perhaps your mind is so constantly employed that you do not perceive it,' said Wolcott, 'but a watchful friend can detect the approaches of disease in the heavy eye, changing cheek, and unsteady step of one for whom he is anxious. Besides you begin to look old. A little divertisement after the harassing cares and the unremitting toil of the day is highly needful. Be advised, I have seen more of the world than you have.'

Charles, who was never obstinate, agreed to call in at the gaming house, and look at the players, in the evening; although he said he had pretty much made up his mind to take no more part in the performances going on there.

Accordingly, Wolcott and Charles supped together, and at nine o'clock they set out for the gambling-house. Charles again took a glass of the mixed wine, and soon began to take a lively interest in the play. Wolcott jested about some of the players, who he said knew nothing of the game. They overheard him and retorted. They maintained that they could play as well as any man living. Wolcott cried, 'stop there, my good fellows, here is a friend of mine, that would, if he chose, sweep all your stakes in a twinkling; but I shall not let him play to night.'

Hereupon the others, who were creatures of Wolcott's and knew their cue, swore roundly that Charles knew not so much of the game as themselves. Charles's pride was stung, for he had observed his challengers to make some grievous mistakes, and he had already decided in his mind that they were mere novices. He therefore declared his intention of trying a game with them. Wolcott rather discouraged him from doing so, which only rendered him the more decided. Wolcott knew all this, for he had studied human nature, and by seeming to draw the young man back he only urged him onward. Charles seated himself

at the table, and put down a considerable stake. He immediately lost it, and then the winners declared they would play no more, although Charles and Wolcott both urged them to do so; for Charles was certain that he was more than a match for his opponents, and was more anxious to retrieve his character as an ingenious player than to get back his money. Charles did not quit the house, until he had made the gamblers promise to meet him there at the same time on the next night. Charles and Wolcott then departed. Charles was very much chagrined at his ill success, but although he had lost twice as much as he won on the first night, yet his mortification arose from his defeat only. He was reserved and petulant during the next day, and started off to the gambling-house early on the next evening. He found the gamblers there, and Wolcott was also in attendance. As he opened the door he detected Wolcott in whispering very earnestly with the man against whom he was going to bet, which a little surprised him, as he had supposed that Wolcott was his own friend. But the latter came quickly up to him, as he entered, and accosted him so kindly and politely that his suspicions of Wolcott's integrity were, for the moment, allayed. The game commenced, and Charles won some small bets. Liquor was produced, and Charles in his excitement drank more freely than he had been accustomed to do. He put down large stakes, and he perceived that they were as often won. He began to be alarmed. Five thousand dollars had already gone from his pocket over to the side of his adversary. Wolcott pretended to sympathize with him greatly, and advised him to leave off playing; but Charles was both infatuated, and heated with liquor. He did not stop until he had lost about seven thousand dollars. It is true that this was but a small part of Charles's fortune, for, by steady industry, he had amassed a great deal of wealth, yet as he had a heavy note due to the bank on the next day, it put him to a little inconvenience, and he was obliged to borrow a couple of thousands of Wolcott. That accommodating person very cheerfully lent him the sum he wished, but Charles was surprised that he gave him some of the same money which he had lost and paid on the preceding evening. He did not mention it to Wolcott, but he presumed that the gambler had owed him some money and had just paid it.

The reader has, by this time, perceived the true character of Wolcott. He was a man of no regular business. He was a professional gambler, and had been so for many years. He, however, took care to conduct all his affairs with the utmost secrecy, and when he began to be found out, he would remove to another town or even another state, carrying his accomplices with him. These accomplices were low, vulgar fellows, who were neither very good players, nor men of tact. Wolcott was, therefore, their ruler. He brought the 'pigeons' to be plucked, and sat them down to play with his men. By signs, he contrived to communicate to his accomplices all the information required to beat their antagonist; which being done, he pocketed the gains and gave them a stipend for their villainy. He had imposed upon the credulity of Mary, and

while she thought she was married to a man of respectability and honor, she had linked herself to one of the most cold-hearted, calculating villains that ever wore the form of humanity. He had early marked Charles for his prize. As soon as he perceived that Charles was an open, ingenuous, and unsuspecting youth, and that he would soon come into possession of Rose's fortune, he resolved to lay in wait for him and plunder him of his all at the gaming-table. He was in no haste to begin. He saw that Charles was engaged in profitable business, and he did not wish to prevent him from amassing a good round sum before he pounced upon him and bore it off. Neither Mary nor Rose suspected the true character of Wolcott. When the latter had pocketed Charles's seven thousand dollars, he went home and exultingly showed it to his wife, declaring that he had made it in one grand speculation in the stocks; and she believed this tale. In the mean time, Wolcott was busy. He contrived means to bring Charles to the gaming-table night after night, until his business was shamefully neglected, and his wealth had gradually flowed from his pockets into those of Wolcott. Charles failed in business, and his creditors swept his house of every article of furniture that it contained, excepting some trifling things necessary for the support of life. This was a shock wholly unexpected to Rose. She had observed that her husband had been singularly thoughtful and even melancholy, but until now had not divined the cause. In the mean time, Wolcott and his lady were rioting in Charles's plundered wealth, and Mary's haughtiness had arisen to such a height that she would scarcely speak to her own father. It was one cold frosty morning that a little boy about three years old, without shoes or stockings came to her door and called for Mrs. Wolcott. The great lady ordered him to be brought into her presence. He handed her a note.

'Who are you?' said she to him sharply.

'My name is Walter Stanhope Farroll,' said he, in a firm, dignified tone, which contrasted much with the meanness of his apparel.

'So—one of my sister's brats, I suppose!' cried Mary, opening the note petulantly.

'Well, sir,' said she, when she had read it. 'I see by this note that your mother is sick at a poor hovel in the suburbs of the town. Tell your mother that she had sufficient warning before she married that wretched beggar, your father, that it would end thus! Go tell her to go to work, and earn her bread honestly. Milk-women are wanted in the country; and even in town, she might support her family by going out to service. Let your father hire himself out to some farmer, or win his bread by sea-faring, and your mother must quit these parts. I won't have her where she can torment me with her importunities. Had your father taken pattern from the worthy Mr. Wolcott he might now have been as well off as we are. But no, he had no taste for respectable business, and now he is cursed for it. Take this basket of broken victuals to your mother, and also this half dollar, and tell her to leave her worthless husband and go into the country. Begone!'

Little Walter looked at the half dollar and at the broken victuals, and then turning contemptuously away, said, 'I shall not carry these things to my mother from her sister.'

Mary was about replying in great indignation, when an officer entered and inquired for Mr. Wolcott. As Mary did not know him she answered very coolly and with great dignity that he was not at home. But Wolcott came in while they were talking, and the officer seized him.

'Mr. Wolcott,' said he, 'I have pursued you hither, and you are now my prisoner. You are charged with the crime of forgery. If you are innocent, it will not harm you to go with me. If guilty, a long residence in the state prison will teach you that 'the way of the transgressor is hard.' Wolcott was guilty. He was tried for a forgery, committed by him a year before his marriage, and was sentenced to the state prison for seven years. His gambling accomplices then came forward and told all they knew against him. It was amply proved that he had robbed Charles of his property by downright swindling, and it was ordered that the money should all go back to the rightful owner. One hundred thousand dollars was delivered to Charles Farroll, and Mary was left a beggar. Her husband soon died in prison of chagrin. Mary was now dependent on the bounty of Rose, which so stung her pride, and her mortification was so great in discovering the worthlessness of her own husband, that she pined with a broken heart for several years and then finished her days in a mad-house.

LYING.

Original.

'God hateth the lying tongue.'—**SOLOMON.**

THE man who indulges in falsehood, fraud, and dissimulation, possesses a lying tongue; and in a moral sense he is a child of the devil—for Satan is a liar from the beginning. He being the spirit of evil which rankles and works in the hearts of the workers of iniquity, proves that those who employ falsehood, are under his influence, and are his children.

The practice of giving utterance to untruth, is strongly prohibited in the scriptures. 'Lie not one to another, brethren, seeing ye have put off the old man with his deeds, and have put on the new man which is renewed in knowledge after the image of him who hath created him,' i. e. as you have adopted and professed the truth, it is inconsistent with your profession to indulge in untruth. From this it seems, that the apostle Paul, whose words are above quoted, did not adopt the opinion which some have promulgated, that lying is justifiable and praiseworthy in certain cases. He would not have it prevail, nor justify it under any circumstances. 'Speak'—said he—'every man truth of his neighbour;' and numerous are the exhortations recorded by the sacred historian, wherein the apostles and prophets have condemned, and on the authority of Jehovah, prohibited it, in terms too plain to be misunderstood, and too forcible to pass unregarded. And their instructions force us to the conclusion, that the evil is pardonable in no degree, and should not obtain a

license from any one, especially from the professed christian and minister of the gospel.

But, notwithstanding this, many regard it as justifiable in the statesman, merchantman, farmer, artizan and lawyer, if it can be turned to what they call 'a good account.' And such is the state of society in many respects, that the statesman uses disguise with public approbation, if by so doing he secures his election. The merchantman employs deception as a matter of interest, because he can dispose of his goods to better advantage. And the farmer tells an unblushing lie, to obtain a few paltry cents more for his produce. The artizan follows up the example which these have set, and utters that which he knows to be false in order to obtain a greater price for the articles he has manufactured. And the lawyer violates his oath, and without being publicly stigmatized, puts darkness for light, and bitter for sweet—falsehood for truth, and truth he pronounces error, to obtain his cause, and acquit his client; when, if the simple truth had been told, the whole matter would wear a different complexion. Now I am fully of the opinion, that each of these parties would succeed more to their own minds, and far more acceptably both to God and man, if they would cleave to, and always speak the simple truth. And I will not exempt the members of the domestic circle; for I regard the oft repeated assertion of—'Not at home, Sir—or—'Not at home, Madam'—uttered through a servant, because of not being exactly prepared to receive a visit from a friend, as downright falsehood; and the apparent friendship for, and happiness on seeing a friend, or visitor, and backwardness and unwillingness to have them depart, when you are wishing them to leave, and hoping they will not trouble you again with their company, I look upon as something hateful in the eyes of holiness and moral virtue.

But, enquires some one—You would not have us treat a visitor with disrespect and incivility? Certainly not. And I would not have you express great satisfaction on seeing them, and then say to yourself, or your associates, as soon as the visitors have departed—'I wish you would stay at home, and not trouble me with your company.' Nor when they are about to depart urge their longer stay—and as soon as the door is closed upon them, murmur out the common saying—'I am glad they have gone, I hope they won't come again for six months!' This, we have reason to believe, is a practice too common among all classes.

It may be replied—'The truth must not be spoken at all times.' Granted. But if you cannot speak the truth, say nothing. Put a seal upon the lips and preserve a total silence, rather than utter that which is false. If you are pressed to communicate that which you desire to remain a secret within your own bosom, it is the part of wisdom and honor to say—'I do not wish to tell you—I am under obligations to preserve silence upon this point.' But folly and sin would approve of the miserable course pursued by many, of covering their honor with falsehood, and shielding a false delicacy under a refuge of lies. I have known people say—'I am obliged to utter that which I know to be false, to obtain a ready sale for certain articles. And one man said that times were so hard, and

money so scarce, that he was compelled to lie and cheat, and do every way to get an honest living!

A person may prosper for a season by this kind of deception, but he cannot continue long—for there is something in man which causes him to watch with a jealous eye, those who have deceived him, and his self-respect will not suffer him to be duped many times by the same person, even though he should make immediate reparation.

We read of some who make lies their refuge, and who hide themselves under falsehood. What a miserable refuge? What an abominable hiding place! How disgusting the covering! Yet, so it is, when one falsehood is told, fifty more must soon be added unto it, to keep the transgressor from being exposed. And after all, there is no security. The whole must come to light. There is nothing hidden which shall not be made manifest, and nothing kept secret but what shall be brought to light. This is an age peculiar to openness. No secret societies receive public approbation—no secret societies are patronized.

How ridiculous the deceiver often appears, when he is uttering premeditated falsehood! For it often happens, that the one to whom he is using the 'lying lip,' has come to a knowledge of the whole truth. And I am more and more convinced—That lies of interest—lies of convenience—lies of evasion—lies of approbation—lies of detraction—lies of concealment—and lies of friendship, as Miss Opie would doubtless call them, are miserable concerns, and the less we have to do with them the better it will be for us.

I tremble for the honor of the child who indulges in falsehood to his best friends, his parents. I weep over the young woman who foolishly sacrifices her brightest jewel, truth, upon the altar of falsehood—and my heart bleeds, on contemplating the disgrace which must, and which surely will, attach itself to the name of the young man who abandons the truth for a mere bauble. For I know that all the refuges of lies must be swept away—truth will prevail. And the only effort necessary to expose the one who has concealed himself under a covering of lies, is, to speak the truth. And when I reflect that falsehood has passed under the sacred name of christianity—when I consider that some have regarded untruth as commendable and praiseworthy, if it could be made to promote the interest of a church claiming to have been established by the savior of the world—I cease to wonder that many honest, though deceived mortals, have abandoned themselves to the cold and withering embrace of atheistical indifference.

Let fathers and mothers, and guardians—let children, and young men and maidens, abandon the practice which we now have under consideration.

To all classes I address myself, and beseech them by all their hopes of happiness—by all their desires of respect—by all their dearest anticipations, to remember that lying is disrespectful, unprofitable, and a prolific source of misery. And I beseech them to forsake every form and species of prevarication—to let their yea, be yea, and their nay, nay; and speak every one truth of his neighbour, and lie not, neither in thought word, nor action. D. D. S.

INFIDELITY.

Original.

AN EXTRACT from a Sermon introductory to a course of Lectures in defence of Divine Revelation. By DARIUS FORBES, Chester, VL.

* * * * * WHAT can be of higher importance to rational and intelligent beings, than confirming the glorious hopes and joyous expectations, unfolded by revelation? It teaches us of the dignity of our natures, the amazing powers intrusted to our improvement, the parental character of the divinity, a life beyond the present, where we are to meet the whole race of rational beings, when reformed of their sins, amid the endless joys of the paradise of God. It instructs us of the providence of the Supreme, and explains the reason for the present distribution of good and evil—of pain and pleasure—of sorrow and joy.

What a calamity to be forced to give up a belief in the being of the Universal Father, and the hope of a happy existence beyond the grave! It would be tearing away the soul's highest happiness in this state of being. I had rather be stripped of every earthly possession, have every earthly friend torn from my bosom, and my affections left bleeding without a terrestrial solace, and be doomed for life to slavery and chains. Such a calamity would be incomparably less than the loss of the hopes unfolded by the volume of revelation. Take my property, take my friends, take my liberty, but do not, unbeliever, strive to take my God and my religion. Leave me these to comfort me in the hour of adversity, and cheer my path through life.

Take away the truths established by revelation, and we should be doomed to sit down in darkness that may be felt. We should wander over our earth as insects of a day, crushed down by the dark cloud, drawn like the funeral pall over us, while the chills of moral death pierce us through, and its cold damps gather upon our brows! We should be in a dungeon, worse than the dark caverns of Egyptian pyramids, filled with the dusty remains of the dead. We should be chained down, soul and body to the earth, and prohibited to claim alliance with the 'spirits of just men made perfect.' Should we attempt to raise our thoughts above the low objects of earth, and soar aloft to brighter scenes, and associate with purer objects, and claim kindred with superior intelligences, a cold unmerciful scepticism would drive us back to the dark scene below, and degrade us to a level with the meanest reptile that crawls beneath our feet. Ay; and when we die, it would doom us to lie down amid the clods of the valley, moulder to dust, and blow away in the first passing breeze, or mingle both soul and body with the common mass, to be trodden under foot of man and beast, to revive no more forever!

How would such a dark and repulsive view of our nature and destiny, chill, benumb, paralyze, crush, wither and blast the best feelings of our hearts and faculties of our souls! How would it prostrate our self-respect, debase our feelings, check the lofty aspirations of the soul, freeze the sympathies of the heart, and degrade us, in our own estimation, to an equality with the foulest creature that

wallows in the mire and filth of our streets! Even the thought that any of my species can become so imbruted, as to claim no higher kindred than this, makes me feel degraded.

How does such a philosophy transform men from beings possessed of a germ of immortality, capable of infinite expansion and progress in knowledge and perfection, into soulless lumps of clay, animated for a few days, and instead of being connected with superior intelligences, allied only to the earth and brutes, doomed to be dashed in pieces and mingle only with its original elements, like the worn-out potter's-vessel! What selfishness and cold indifference to human happiness and misery would it beget among men, and how would it debase, brutalize and ruin their characters! Instead of noble, generous, philanthropic, self-denying, and morally excellent Howards, under the influence of Infidelity we should see our world filled with cold-blooded, debased, morally polluted Paines, Voltaires and Taylors. The interest now felt among the best of men, for the happiness and virtue of mankind, would be crushed. Philanthropy, and all the more generous principles of the enlarged soul, would be supplanted by a cold selfishness, and have an existence only in name, or found solely on the pages of the history of past times, to be scouted as the marks of its pusillanimity. That this would be the result, I need but point you to the general character of unbelievers in all ages to prove. Nay; I need only point you to Robert Taylor, the apostle of modern infidelity, than whom a more impudent and impious wretch, regardless of all truth, does not exist, as his life and celebrated 'Diogenes' abundantly prove.

It is to guard your minds, my hearers, and especially those of the young, against these fatal effects, that I propose the present discussion. I wish you to know the foundation of our faith, that you may see its invulnerable character. This knowledge, I am sure, is its best security, when joined with a good life and honest principles. * * * * *

ALL'S WELL.

Original.

PASSING through the street at a late hour the other night, the faint watch-cry of 'All's well,' from a sentinel at the navy-yard, fell on my ear, just as I entered my own door. It threw me into a train of thought which strongly influenced the visions of the night. With the singular inconsistency of dreaming sleep, I had experienced a change, put off my body of clay and in another and more ethereal form was about to proceed on a solitary pilgrimage among the nations of the earth. I retained a faint consciousness that it was but a dream, yet this was by no means so strong as to prevent my after impressions from bearing the character of reality.

With the speed of thought, I seemed to have been transported from my own dwelling to a strange house in a strange land. It was the chamber of death! I was hovering over the couch of a pale and wasted man, who was taking a last look of the light of heaven and tearing his thoughts and affections

from the things and concerns of mortality. Beside the bed stood a priest clad in the sober vestments of his calling, and near by knelt three innocent children, with cheeks wet with tears and bosoms heaving with sighs. They were soon to be orphans. Never, (though it were but a dream) shall I forget that solemn scene, the wasted countenance of the dying man, half turned towards his children, the priest in a low, deep tone uttering the impressive forms of the church, interrupted at times by the half-suppressed sobbing of the grieved children, all formed a picture as full of warning and instruction as of sorrow. The prayer ceased; the good man cast a parting glance on his sorrowing ones, and then slept in peace. 'Blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord.' I turned to leave the house of mourning, and as the whole vision strangely faded from before me, the cry of 'All's well' burst involuntarily from my lips.

Again, I was conscious of a speedy passage to a dwelling in the midst of an ancient and populous city. In a miserable room, unprotected from the storms, lighted by the remnant of a candle, was extended a ragged, filthy man. Care and time had furrowed his brow, cunning and deceit had drawn around his eyes a multitude of wrinkles, and the deep-marked lines around the mouth evidenced the hand-writing of stern and pinching avarice. With one hand on a heap of gold and the other clutching a mass of discolored papers, he was waiting for death! He was starving! With money on the right hand and on the left, before and behind him, the old man still felt desperately poor; and now that the dart of death was raised to pierce him, he would fain have shielded himself with gold! Long and fearfully the miser struggled for life; but in vain; neither gold, nor parchment nor avaricious care availed against—Death. When all was over, I cast a parting look at all that remained of the slave of filthy lucre, and went on my way with the cry 'All's well!'

In the remaining part of my dream, the transition from place to place and from scene to scene was so sudden that I retain only an indistinct recollection of visiting many individuals in various states of mind and body; all the degrees of human enjoyment and sorrow, of man's errors, sufferings and sins, were vividly presented before me, and yet, in the midst of them all, I felt an irrepressible desire to repeat the cry which burst from my lips, after viewing the scenes which I have particularly described above. In the whole of this singular vision, in all these scenes of sorrow and distress and joy, my mind was open to a full and clear understanding of their connexion with other events, by which seeming evil should be turned to good and apparent sorrows into sources of joy. I do not, however, retain aught but a dreamy recollection of that state, nor can I at present recount the reasons which then induced me, in the presence of famine, poverty, sorrow and death, to cry, 'ALL'S WELL!' S. F. S.

HAPPINESS.—GREY, the poet, used to declare that the sum of human happiness consisted in lolling all day upon a soft sofa, reading new novels!

THE CONTRAST.

Original.

'He must increase, but I must decrease.'—JOHN iii. 30.

SUCH was the testimony borne by John the Baptist concerning the Savior of the world. John was a burning and shining light—the greatest prophet that ever lived—because he not only prophesied of the coming of the Messiah, but lived to point out the one of whom he prophesied; to administer to him the ordinance of baptism—to hear him acknowledged the Son of God by a voice from heaven—and to say to his own apostles, or disciples—'Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world.'

Our Savior bore this testimony to the character of the author of our text—Matt. xi. 7—13. After John was cast into prison, he sent two of his disciples to Jesus, with this question; 'Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?' Our Savior sent back this reply—'Go tell John the things which ye see and hear: the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached unto them, and blessed is he whomsoever is not offended in me.'

This was saying—John wishes to know if the same miracles are performed which were witnessed when he was among us. If he has any doubts of the divinity of my mission, inform him of what you see—it will be sufficient. It is all he can or will desire.

After the disciple had departed, Jesus began to speak unto the people concerning John. He enquired—'What went ye out into the wilderness to see? A reed, shaken with the wind?' That is, did you go out into the wilderness, to see some poor, weak, irresolute, unstable being, who was carried about by every wind of doctrine—who knew not what he said, nor whereof he affirmed? A man, who, like the reed, is blown in one direction by the wind to day, and in another direction tomorrow?

Did you go to see a babbler? One who talks without knowing what he says? These questions he knew they would answer in the negative—and by this he would teach them that John was stable—steadfast, and unwavering. A principle which is important in every one—but especially so in the preacher. It will not do for him to be like one of the characters named in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, called 'Mr. Faceing-Bothways.' He must have his eye single to the glory of his master, he must not walk in craftiness, nor handle the word of God deceitfully—he must not advocate one principle, in the presence of one man, and an opposite one in the presence of another, for popularity's sake. But in simplicity, and godly sincerity, he must have his conversation in the world.

Again, inquired the Lord—'But what went ye out for to see? A man clothed in soft raiment? Behold they that wear soft raiment are in king's houses?' That is, you did not go out into the wilderness to see a man dressed in great finery, in satins, velvet, or silk, or costly apparel. Had you wished to see this, you would not have gone into the wilderness, but into the houses of kings. For

a man going into the wilderness would dress in more appropriate garments than soft raiment.

'But,' continued the Savior, 'What went ye out to see? A prophet? Yea, I say unto you, and more than a prophet.' That is, more than a common prophet—'For this is he of whom it is written—'Behold, I send my messenger before my face, to prepare the way before me.' John was especially pointed out as the one who should go before the Lord to make ready a people prepared for the Lord. He was the one whom the prophets called Elijah, but the New Testament, Elias. 'This,' said Jesus, 'is the Elias which was to come.'

'Verily I say unto you, among all them that are born of women, there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist; notwithstanding, he that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he.' John was greater than all, save the Lord Jesus. 1st. The prophets prophesied of him, Isaiah xl. 3, and Malachi iii. 1. 2d. He lived to point out the Messiah of whom he prophesied, and to say, the Lord has come, and, 3d. He lived to enjoy the blessings of his reign—to believe on him, and to enjoy the peace his truth imparts.

But our Lord avers, that the 'least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than John.' How so? Because John saw the kingdom suffering violence, he saw the reign of Christ limited to the Jewish nation. He saw not the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ. He saw not the crucified and risen Savior. But Mary, one of the feeble saints, could say, 'The Lord is risen indeed!'

Another remarkable thing connected with the person, who says in the text, 'I must decrease,' was, he made 'ready a people prepared for the Lord.' When the eastern kings were about to enter any place, they sent a messenger before them to announce their approach, that the people might be prepared for their coming. John went before the King of Glory, he told the people the Messiah would soon make his appearance. Said he, 'I am not he that is to come, but there cometh one after me, who is more mighty than me, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose—he shall baptise you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire.' When the Son of God appeared, very many were prepared, and did immediately follow him. Simon Peter and Andrew his brother, were mending their nets, for they were fishermen; and when he said, 'Follow me, they immediately left all, and followed him;' because they had been prepared, and made ready, by the preaching of John the Baptist.

Again, he spake and praised God, when he was but eight days old. And in him the language of the Psalmist was fulfilled to the very letter: 'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained praise, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.' Psalm viii. The account of this wonder is detailed in Luke, i. Ch. 59—59. 'And it came to pass, that on the eighth day they came to circumcise the child, (i. e. John) and they called him Zacharius, after the name of his father. And his mother answered and said: Not so; but he shall be called John. And they said unto her: There is none of thy kindred that is called by this name. And they made signs to his

father, how he would have him called. And he asked for a writing table, and wrote, saying, his name is John. And they marvelled all.' It will be remembered that the father of John had been dumb from the time of his seeing the vision in the temple, where he officiated as high priest, until the time of the circumcision of his son named in the passage just quoted. Because he doubted the truth of what the angel said to him, the messenger said, 'Behold thou shalt be dumb, and not able to speak, until the day that these things shall be performed, because thou believest not my words, which shall be fulfilled in their season.'

The account from which I have thus digressed, proceeds: 'And his mouth was opened immediately, and his tongue loosed, and he spake and praised God. And fear came upon all that dwelt round about them; and all these things were noised abroad throughout the hill country of Judea. And all they that heard them laid them up in their hearts, saying, What manner of child shall this be? And the hand of the Lord was with him.' Some have thought that the language now quoted referred to the father of the child, and not to the child. But it is perfectly evident from the latter part of the passage, that it was uttered concerning John. It was the circumstance of his speaking and praising God, which excited so much wonder and fear in the beholders.

The next verse proves beyond a reasonable doubt, that the child was the one of whom the historian was speaking. Because, after the account now given, it says, 'And his father Zachariah was filled with the holy ghost, and prophesied, saying: Blessed be the Lord God of Israel; for he hath visited and redeemed his people, and hath raised up a horn of salvation for us, in the house of his servant David.' Now unless the child John was spoken of, as the one whose tongue was loosed, and employed in praising God, there is no propriety in the language of this verse. But admit what we have now stated as true, and the whole subject is plain.

We follow John from this event; and from his first appearance in the wilderness of Judea, to his apprehension by Herod, and decapitation by the same, to gratify the malignity and revenge of one sold to the prostration of virtue. His career was splendid at the commencement, but it was doomed to come to an end. And so it is. All things which commence large, which dazzle and bewilder in the outset, have the seeds of decay planted in them, these will ripen into maturity, and the frost of time, and the winter of age, will cast them into oblivion.

The beginning of Amalek was great, but his latter end was to perish forever. Look at the young man who commences large, and prospers for a season, but at last, sudden destruction will come upon him. The moral here, is forcible. Let the young and aspiring beware. Let them not begin too high, nor be too avaricious, remembering that it is better to begin small, and increase, than to begin large and wax smaller and smaller, and weaker and weaker. King Saul was placed at the pinnacle of power and glory at the commencement of his reign; but Decay was written upon him; David commenced ascending at the bottom of the ladder, and while

he ascended, Saul descended. 'The house of Saul waxed weaker and weaker, but the house of David waxed stronger and stronger.'

When John the Baptist commenced preaching, multitudes went out to hear him. It was not here and there one, but 'All Jerusalem and Judea, and the region round about,' went out unto him, and many were baptised by him in the river Jordan, confessing their sins.' But he declined. His disciples forsook him one after another, and followed the one whom John had said should increase.

John's disciples came to him and said, 'Rabbi, he that was with thee beyond Jordan, to whom thou bearest witness, the same baptiseth, and all men come unto him.' He answered, 'A man can receive nothing, except it be given him from heaven. Ye yourselves bear me witness, that I said, I am not the Christ, but that I am sent before him. He that hath the bride, is the bridegroom; but the friend of the bridegroom, which standeth and heareth him, rejoiceth greatly, because of the bridegroom's voice: this my joy is therefore fulfilled. He must increase, but I must decrease.' That was saying—I am only the herald sent to announce the approach of the Messiah. He has now come. The people will gather around him. My work is accomplished, and with pleasure I retire from the scene of my labour, and give place to him who spake as never man spake.

While we thus look at the author of our text, our hearts would be touched with pity, did we not behold the one who is to increase, and bless all men with the joys and consolation of which John spoke, but which he had not the power to confer upon mankind. Let us then direct our attention to the consideration of the pleasing truth, that our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, MUST INCREASE.

II. 'HE MUST INCREASE.'

To see the force and truth of this prophecy, we must commence at the beginning, and notice the unfavorable circumstances under which our Lord commenced his public life.

1st. He was an obscure personage, born of parents who were in the most common circumstances. His father, so reputed, was a man of no particular influence. He was a carpenter, and labored, working with his hands, to obtain the comforts and conveniences of life for himself and family. Our Lord worked with him, as is evident from the language uttered concerning him by the inhabitants of Nazareth, where he had been brought up, when he first went there to preach. Said they, 'Is not this the carpenter? The son of Joseph and Mary? And are not his brethren here with us?'

The simple fact of his having been thus situated, and as we say brought up, was sufficient of itself to deprive him of success among, and countenance from, the great, the rich, and the lovers of popularity. For it was then, as it is now.

With most people, the children of the rich are treated with more respect, than the offspring of the poor. And there are but very few people, but what love their rich relations a little better than they do their poor ones. But God hath chosen the poor, whom men have despised, to bear the riches of his grace to the cast off and forsaken. Our master was poor, his parents were poor, but he and they were

rich in faith. 'And blessed are the poor, for they have the gospel preached unto them.'

2d. He spent the early part of his life in a place against which much prejudice existed. It was an obscure village—there, poverty was personified, and ignorance dwelt with all the people. And so poor an opinion had the people generally of Nazareth, that it became a sort of proverb, or by-word. And if an individual, claiming any share of public notoriety, hailed from Nazareth, it was enough to curse him in the minds of all the fashionables. Hence, when Philip believed on the Son of God, and found his acquaintance, Nathaniel, who was a man free from guile, he said unto him: 'We have found him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth.' The word Nazareth fell upon the ear of Nathaniel, as the knell of death, and filled with astonishment he enquired, 'Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?' Philip took the most ready way to convince him. Said he—'come and see!'

So, when people inquire, can any good come out of Universalism?—or, is there any good in it? We answer—'come and see.' If they will only do this, we have no fears. For after having come once, we know they will desire to come again; and they will not have to come many times before their eyes will be fully opened, and they will believe and rejoice with unspeakable felicity. Ministers are aware of this, and therefore caution their people against hearing us, or conversing with us upon the subject.

The degradation of the place where our Lord had resided—its obscurity—the ignorance which there prevailed—the prejudice which existed in the community, with regard to it, all tended, in the eye of human discernment, to prevent the accomplishment of John's prophecy—'He must increase.'—But God maketh the wrath of man to praise him. All things with him are possible.

3d. HE WAS UNEDUCATED. He had been, as those supposed who knew him from his youth up, brought up in ignorance. When he first appeared in Nazareth, in the synagogue, and produced great wonder and amazement in all present, some said—'Whence hath this man these things, having never known letters?' Because he had not received a regular, popular education, they supposed he must be ignorant. But this does not follow. A man may acquire an education by his own industry, and perseverance, without having graduated at any public institution.

The same prejudices exist at the present day. And if a person has only passed through college, it is sufficient to make him acceptable with many, though he may be a very great numbskull. The question ought not to be—where was he educated? nor—how was he educated? But—does he know? Is he acquainted with his subject? Does he talk, and write at random, or does he speak and write understandingly? This would be right and proper. And for the honor of human nature be it spoken, this description of prejudice is fast wearing away, and people are beginning to appreciate talent, and to acknowledge worth, wherever it appears, and under whatsoever circumstances it presents itself.

Our savior did know—he did understand—he was instructed of God—he was inspired with infinite knowledge—God had given him the tongue of the learned, that he might speak a word in season to the weary, and to those who are out of the way. His words were eloquent, and produced an abiding effect upon the hearts of those who heard them. But, in the minds of the great mass, he was uneducated.

4th. Those whom he chose as his ambassadors, or apostles, were men from the most common walks in life—and they were unlearned and ignorant men. They were common men and were sent to the common people, who heard them gladly, as they did their master. We talk now of the common people—and there are more of this number than we are apt to imagine. There are not so many uncommon people, as some seem to think; there are a few, I acknowledge, and they are so very uncommon, that no one can get along with them.

The apostles, being ignorant, in the common acceptance of the term, were not acceptable to the learned and popular men of the age. They would, as a matter of course, meet with a determined, and a bitter opposition from those whose craft was endangered by the preaching of the gospel, and the inculcation of the principles of the Redeemer's kingdom.

5th. The whole Jewish nation was arrayed against him—with a very few exceptions. Popularity, riches, the honors of the world, established institutions, of long standing, kings and their favorites, all were opposed to the humble Nazarine. All these considerations united, seem to carry with them the conviction, that John spoke not judiciously, when he said concerning the savior—'He must increase.' But one, on the side of truth and righteousness, can accomplish wonders—can astonish the world.

Moses said: 'One shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight.' Such is the force of truth, that thousands are made to flee at the rebuke of one—while in the cause of falsehood and deception, tens of thousands cannot be successful.

Having noticed the circumstances which appear so unfavorable to the increase of the Savior of the world, let us briefly trace the progress of his reign, the spread of his gospel, the upbuilding of his kingdom, and the multiplication of his followers.

First, we find him a solitary individual, without home, or the comforts of life. We hear him say: 'The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the son of man hath not where to lay his head.' Thus lonely and destitute, he goes up and down in the earth proclaiming the will of his Father. We look again, and see him accompanied with but two disciples—Simon Peter, and Andrew his brother. These are for a time his only subjects. Here is the king, his dominion, his subjects, with the world opposed to them.

But he increases. The beginning is small, and must increase. Now he has twelve followers—now seventy—they go forth trembling, but return with rejoicing, the demons being subject to them in the name of Jesus. But a cloud comes over them. The king is dethroned, he is taken and crucified, and they are scattered, as sheep upon the mountains,

without any shepherd. The world is now a dreary blank—but soon they are called again, and commissioned to go, not to the Jews alone, but to all nations.

Here is an increase; before, they were restricted. They were forbidden to go only to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, but now they are to preach to every creature; all power has been given to him, both in heaven and in earth. All men are his people, and they must at last bow to his sovereign mandate. His followers increase. On the morning of the day of Pentecost, there were seventy disciples—but before the close of that day, they were multiplied to the number of three thousand souls! And we follow the history onward, until numbers fail, and even fancy ceases to run.

And now, how great the contrast. In the commencement, there were the king and but two subjects; now, we cannot number the professed followers of Jesus of Nazareth. How many souls now bow their knees to his name, and confess him Lord to the glory of God the Father, it is impossible to calculate. Millions of souls now shout, Worthy is the Lamb, and cry, Hosanna to the son of David.

His chariot wheels are still rolling onward. The king of glory is yet increasing. Not only has the author of the text said—'He must increase,'—but the prophet Isaiah, when under the influence of the spirit of truth, declared: 'Of the increase of his government and peace, there shall be no end; upon the throne of his father David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it, with justice and judgment, from henceforth even forever; the zeal of the Lord of Hosts shall perform this.' God has pledged his word for the accomplishment of this, and it must be done.

The writer of the history where the text is found, has, in the book of Revelation, described the progress of the Redeemer's kingdom, from the beginning to the end. Ch. iv. 2. 'I saw one on the throne in appearance like jasper, with a rainbow about the throne, in sight like an emerald. Round about the throne were four and twenty elders sitting, clothed in white raiment, with golden crowns upon their heads. Then he saw four beasts, who were never silent, but continually cried, 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come.'

These were joined by the four and twenty elders, who together fell down before the throne, and cast their crowns at the feet of the Saviour, and sung, Worthy is the Lamb who hath redeemed us by his blood, out of every kindred, tongue, people, and nation, and made us kings and priests unto God, to reign with him forever.

Next he saw the angels round the throne, and ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, who joined with the beasts and elders, in singing the song of 'Worthy is the Lamb.'

Then he beheld in vision the grand conclusion of the Messiah's reign—'And every creature in heaven, and on earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever, and ever, Amen.'

Such will be the conclusion of the reign of Jesus

Christ, 'For he must reign until all his enemies are subdued.' 'Death the last enemy must be destroyed; and when all things are subdued unto the son, then shall the son be subject to him who put all things under him, and God be all in all.'

'The Savior Christ must reign,
Till all his foes submit,
And saved by him from pain,
Shall worship at his feet;
Shall prostrate fall,
And humbly own,
That God alone,
Is all in all.'

Then death itself shall die,
And life triumphant reign;
No more shall sinners sigh
In darkness, guilt and pain;
Prostrate they fall,
And humbly own
That God alone
Is all in all.'

D. D. S.

WHAT IS LIFE?

Original.

'It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.'

Ah! what is life? Go ask the maid,
Whose brow was high and fair,
Ere sickness, with his bony hand,
Had placed his signet there;
'A fading vapor in the sky
Of rolling time,' is the reply.

Ah! what is life? Go ask the youth,
Whose heart was filled with joy;
Ere did the blighting blast of time,
His fairy dreams destroy;
'Frail dew,' he cries, 'upon the flower,
That fadeth in the sunny hour.'

Ah! what is life? Go ask of him,
Whose locks are like the snow;
Who, like the mountain oak, hath stood
The thunder-shock of woe;
'Is is,' he cries, 'a stormy sea
Of trouble and adversity.'

Ah! what is life? Go ask of him,
Who has no hope in heaven;
Whose mind, like storm-worn ships at sea,
Is tempest-tost and driven;
'Behold,' he cries, 'a cheerless day,
Where all our rosy hopes decay.'

Ah! what is life? Go ask the man,
Whose thoughts are fixed on high;
Whose hope is firm as ocean rock,
Well anchored in the sky;
Lo! 't is a joyless dream,' he cries,
'Where every blooming prospect die.'

E. D. K.

PHRENOLOGY.—NO. VIII.

Original.

ORGAN No. 18, MARVELLOUSNESS, is situated immediately above ideality.

This gives a love for the marvellous, causes people to see visions and a great many astonishing things.

Many there are, who think themselves favored with remarkable revelations, and wonderful discoveries. It will be found, on examination, that they have a large development of this organ.

A few facts will illustrate this. Socrates spoke frequently to his disciples of a demon spirit which served him as a guide. Aristophanes made this the subject of ridicule, and caused it to be revived by his enemies at the time of his condemnation.

Joan of Arc also related that St. Michael appeared to her and told her that God had pity on France, and that she was commissioned to raise the siege of Orleans, and to install Charles VII, as King at Rheims.

Tasso believed and asserted that he had been cured by the aid of the Virgin Mary and St. Scholastic—who appeared to him during an attack of a fever.

Mr. Combe relates the following concerning this individual. 'In the historical notes to his life, we find the following anecdote, related by Manso, Marquis of Villa. Tasso, in his delirium, believed he conversed with familiar spirits. One day when the Marquis was with him, he endeavored to drive these ideas from his mind. Tasso said to him:—

'Since I cannot convince you by reason, I shall do so by experience. I shall cause the spirit in which you refuse to believe, to appear before your eyes. The Marquis accepted the offer; and the next day, while they were conversing, Tasso turned his eyes toward the window, and looked with such fixed attention that he could not be diverted from his reverie. At length he exclaimed,—"See, see, my familiar spirit comes to converse with me." The Marquis looked but could see nothing. He could hear Tasso talk and answer questions, and occasionally ask some, but could hear no other voice. The subject of the discourse was elevated, and the expressions so sublime that he was in ecstasy. He did not interrupt him. And a long time elapsed before the spirit disappeared. He was informed of its departure by Tasso who turned and said,—

"In future you will cease to doubt." Marquis replied, "in future I shall be more skeptical; for though I have heard great words, I have seen nothing." Smiling, Tasso replied, "You have seen more than"—and stopped short; Marquis fearing to importune him by his questions, dropped the conversation.

Swedenborg believed himself miraculously called upon to reveal the most hidden mysteries.—'In 1743' he says—"it pleased the Lord to manifest himself to me, and appear personally before me, to give me a knowledge of the spiritual world, and to place me in communication with angels and the spirits, and this power has been continued with me till the present day."

Such are his own words. His biographers admit that he was one of the most extravagant enthusiasts that ever lived, though a sincere man.

How can you account for such things, except upon the principles of phrenology?

It was by observing such persons, that Dr. Gall first discovered this organ. He observed that persons given to such peculiar dreams, and visionary ideas, had this part of the head full—between the organs of IDEALITY and IMITATION.

He found many instances,—Dr. J. Stilling, he observes was in youth a tailor, then tutor—then doctor in medicine—then a moralist—then a divine—then a journalist—then an Illuminatis—and then a visionary. He had a full development of this organ. He believed in ghosts, and wrote a book in defence and exposition of the doctrine.

Dr. Gall examined the head of a gentleman who moved in the best society in Paris. Said the doctor, 'You sometimes see visions, and believe in apparitions. He started from his chair in astonishment, and said he had frequent visions, but had never before told it to any one, for fear of being laughed at, as superstitious.'

And it is related, that 'at another time Dr. Gall examined the head of a celebrated physician, and said, that according to the development, he ought to have a strong liking for the marvellous and supernatural. For once, said he, you are mistaken. I believe in nothing which cannot be mathematically demonstrated.'

The doctor talked with him upon a variety of other subjects, and finally introduced that of animal magnetism, thinking this would afford a fine opportunity for the exercise of his powers.

He became immediately animated, and assured the doctor that he admitted nothing true except it could be mathematically demonstrated; but immediately said, he was convinced that a spiritual being acted in magnetism—that it operated at a great distance—that no distance presented an obstacle to its action—on that account it could sympathize with persons in any part of the world. He continued—'Apparitions and visions are rare, but they undoubtedly exist, and I am acquainted with the laws which govern them.'

Such is the short-sightedness of poor human nature, that we know not ourselves. And though we plead not guilty to many things, we subsequently acknowledge their truth.

A great multitude of similar cases might be adduced, but these are deemed sufficient. Dr. Gall mentions that the organ appears large in the head of, or busts of, Joan of Arc, Socrates, Cromwell, Swedenborg, and many others, who have rendered themselves notorious by its cultivation, and constant exercise.

When combined with large veneration, it makes religious fanatics, and causes such people to have these wonderful revelations of which we so frequently hear, and we can therefore account for these things, without impeaching the honesty of these people.

It has been manifested in all ages. Rulers, and leaders, under its influence, have persecuted or put to death many. The Salem witchcraft is an illustration of this.

The foundation of empires is associated with these wonders. The foundation of Rome by Romulus, who was nourished by a she wolf—and the story that

Hercules killed serpents while in his cradle, are evidences of its existence.

The belief in ghosts, apparitions, sorcery, magic, astrology, demons, and phantoms, all prove that some have been, and now are, under its guidance.

Religious leaders, aware of its influence and power, have used it to enforce their peculiar tenets. They come in the name of the Lord, and thus impose upon the simple.

It is large in those authors who have favored or cursed the world with tales full of apparitions, and plays fraught with the same.

To be a thorough-going Quaker, or Methodist, or Swedenborgian, one must have large marvellousness. And as all have not a great share of this faculty, they cannot all be of these, or any one of these sects.

Education has a powerful effect upon it. And hence it is that people reason themselves out of the notion, when it is not so remarkably strong as to produce insanity.

I know a young man in whom it was quite strong, when he was young, but by constant watchfulness he has overcome its power.

When it is diseased, it not unfrequently leads people to believe that they themselves are supernatural beings. Hence the fanatics with which the country abounds have boasted that they were sent of God; and some have declared themselves to be the Almighty, and others have contended that they were Jesus Christ!

ORGAN, No. 19, IDEALITY. This is situated nearly along the temporal ridge of the frontal bone.

This is called the organ of poetry;—without it a man cannot be a poet, he may be a rhymester, but not a poet. It gives that peculiar form of the head, which is called the poet's corner.

It is an incontrovertible fact, that some have a natural taste for poetry and can write it with ease, while others cannot put any thing into the form of poetry.—Pope says, 'I lisped in numbers before the numbers came.' Sometimes it is insane, and then every thing comes in poetry.

I knew a man, who was insane in this faculty a few years since, and he would make poetry as fast as he could talk, but he is very little given to it when rational.

Dr. Gall was put upon the search which led to the discovery of this organ, by noticing the singular construction of the head of a poet with whom he was acquainted, who had a large development of this organ, and the doctor had noticed that other poets had the same enlargement. He spoke to his scholars upon the subject, and obtained the busts of those noted for the faculty, examined and found the development in accordance with facts.

'Drs. Gall and Spurzheim opened the head of Delille, and in the presence of several physicians, pointed out the prominences occasioned by a large development of this organ, which caused this part of the brain to be much larger than the other parts.'

Dr. Gall was in a numerous assembly, and was asked what he thought of a little man who sat in the corner of the room. He replied that he could not see him distinctly, but should think he had the organ

of poetry remarkably well developed. It was so, for it was the famous poet Francois, generally called Cordonnier, from his having been a shoemaker.

This embraces all that belongs to poetry:—not barely rhyming, but that rapture, that inspiration, which is manifested in poetry and which is called imagination or fancy. Its operations are not confined to poetry; but it also gives a man a taste for the beautiful.

When not active, people see nothing beautiful in poetry, it is either dry and dull, or insipid and foolish.

When large, if the intellect is small, it leads to foolish extravagance, and causes the possessor to express sublime and beautiful ideas in a bungling and ridiculous manner.

The shoemaker who put forth a poetical sign, in the following words, must have had this organ full:

'Blow, blow, ye winds and breezes,
Among the leaves and trees;
Sing, O sing, ye heavenly muses,
And I will mend your boots and shoes.'

And the blacksmith, who put up a sign with these words upon it, had large ideality.

'I shoe the horse, and shoe the ox,
And put the money in my box.'

In some ages there have been people who had a strong developement, more so than in others.

This is an age of poetry. So was the first part of the seventeenth century. It was then customary to put all inscriptions upon tomb-stones in poetry. And we find some singular specimens of the poetic taste of that age, in the Edinburgh Encyclopedia. Here is one—

'Here lies I, John Stroleup,
Who when alive rolled this stone up;
And when the Lord took my soul up,
My body filled this hole up.'

And another;—

'Here lies John Garish,
And what is somewhat rareish,
He was born, bred, and hung in this parish.'

It gives a tinge to all the other faculties, makes them aspire to the height of perfection, gives a high and lofty tone to the voice, and produces language of the most exalted nature. Find one who is fond of high sounding words, and touchingly sublime metaphors, and you will find one in whom Ideality is large.

It is said to be larger in females than in males. And it gives them a taste for beautiful dresses, for finery above the common order of things, and this sometimes occasions expense which makes the husband complain. I do not mean to imply or insinuate that it is always so, for sometimes it is the other way.

It makes a tasty milliner, and mantuamaker, and tailor; and with large constructiveness, a fanciful mechanic.

It is found to be deficient in the Quakers, and this accounts for their disrelish for all the fineries of life; all cannot be quakers, because of their ideality.

While the Methodists were so strongly opposed to dress, they did not flourish; but, since they have permitted their members to indulge in such things, their

numbers have greatly increased, and that too, with great rapidity.

All the lilies, and flowers, and beauties of nature are food for this faculty. And to say that it is of no service to man, is to say that folly, and not wisdom, is displayed in these beauties, and all the other ornaments of nature.

It is found to be small in all atrocious criminals, and in the savage tribes. The Caribs and murderers have it very small.

Like all other faculties it may be, and is often abused, and when it is permitted to take the ascendancy over all other powers, and obtain its own gratification at the expense and forfeiture of those duties which stand forth as the first to be attended to, then it is abused.

In common life, its abuse is seen in that extravagant desire for dress which takes the precedence of all things else. Such people become miserable whenever they cannot obtain all they desire; but if gaudy apparel can be obtained, all other things are of secondary importance.

Let it be governed by the intellect, and it will give you things which will be productive of pure pleasure: viz: finely constructed houses, streets tastefully laid out, public buildings displaying all things which are in accordance with wisdom; and if united also with order, neatness will every where be combined with taste.

No. 20, MIRTHFULNESS, OR WIT. This is situated in front of ideality and marvellousness, on each side of causality, and gives a width to that part of the forehead.

When it is large and powerful, and united with strong animal propensities, it gives a disposition to view things in a ludicrous light.

Perhaps no better description can be given of this organ, than can be obtained from reading the works of Sterne, Dean Swift, and Voltaire, in each of whom it was the predominant faculty.

It generally produces laughter, though it is not the only thing which does. Mr. Combe says he knew a boy who would always laugh when any one gave him a penny; acquisitiveness was large in him, and it governed him, and on receiving the penny it was gratified. It does not always excite laughter, for there may be much genuine wit without exciting laughter.

Lord Chesterfield lays it down as a rule that 'an accomplished gentlemen will never laugh,' and according to this, there are but very few gentlemen in the world, because there are but few who do not laugh.

We have the following instances of what has been regarded as true wit, and we give them in the language of another: 'In Nottinghamshire, a tavern keeper by the name LITTLE JOHN, put up the figure of ROBIN HOOD for a sign, and below it, put these lines—

'All ye that relish ale that's good,
Come in and drink with Robin Hood;
If Robin Hood is not at home,
Come in and drink with Little John.'

After this man died his successor, thinking it was a pity to lose so good a sign, blotted out Little John, and substituted his own name—'SAM'L JOHNSON.'

Here follows another specimen of wit.—'A servant let a tongue fall from the plate, when a gentleman present observed—'O never mind, it is only a lapsus lingue, i. e. a mere slip of the tongue.'

Sometimes wit results from comparison. Some men will compare one thing with another, and display much wit in so doing, and excite great laughter.

Sheridan, for instance, was a notorious wit; and his witticism consisted mostly in comparison. For instance, he compares a tall man with a short wife to a church and steeple—a tall thin man to a tree run up against the wall. Here the comparison is ridiculous, and shows that in him, wit must have been united with strong comparison.

When this is very full, and combativeness, and destructiveness, and self-esteem, are large, it leads to severe sarcasm, biting, strong, and cutting ridicule, and satire. And if united with other faculties, it will make one sparkle in bright sallies of wit.

In philosophers comparison and causality are more full than wit, and more reason and illustration are exhibited in their works.

To this remark there are some exceptions. For some philosophers have been very witty, and this was the case with Dr. Franklin.

When it is small in persons, they are apt to be offended with its manifestation by others. And when it is large in an auditor, the most interesting part of the lecture will be that in which wit is displayed.

This faculty is the cause of mirthfulness; find a person who is mirthful and joyful, and you will perceive that the part of the head assigned to this organ is full. On the other hand, when you meet one of those people who look as though they had lost nearly all their friends, and expected soon to lose the remainder, and you will find that they have a small share of mirthfulness.

Its abuse is, to indulge it to the discomfiture and misery of others, and this is often done. I have known people in whom it was full, to amuse a large company, at the expense of some poor fellow, who had not combativeness enough to defend himself.

The pictures of Sterne, in whom it is large, will give the reader a correct idea of the form it gives the head.

D. D. S.

STANZAS.

Original.

THE storm-cloud of night spent its breath on the ocean,
And frightful and loud was its angry commotion;
But the deep sunk to rest with the first streak of dawning,
And peacefully smiled in the red light of morning—
Which banished the waves to their cave homes before it,
And bade the winds sleep which so late'ly swept o'er it.

O'er the heart that is sunk in an ocean of sadness,
And answers no more to the thrilling of gladness;
Hope's light shall arise like a sunshiny morrow,
To smile o'er the darkness and banish its sorrow,
'T will loosen the chain that to grief long hath bound it;
And chase all the clouds which had darkened around it.

Hartford, Ct.

M. A. D.

ALEXIS AND MEDORA.

Original.

THE world was all before them where to choose,
And Providence their guide. MILTON.

GREAT was the gathering of people together on the widely extended green in front of the little church at Peterbury. It was the Fourth of July, and the villagers were all interested in the celebration of that day, which gave birth to our country. This was in the early part of the present century, before vanity and pride had filled the heads of the red-cheeked lasses with notions of finery and fashion. They were sweet and wholesome creatures, with good teeth and full pouting lips, that vied with the cherry. Their breath was as sweet as gales from the spice gardens; and their voluptuous, yet exquisite forms, would make a man's heart leap with transport. Such were the simple-minded young girls of Peterbury at the time of which I write. If you went to one of their houses, you would find it a low, one story building, with a large roof, on the eaves of which the swallows sat and told each other stories about the warm climates at the south, in which they had spent the winter; or there the thrush, the yellow bird or goldfinch tuned up his throat and chanted sweet songs, without notes. Then at eventide the whippoorwill and the nightingale cheered the pensive listener with their melody. Upon entering the house, you would see the clean white tubs with scoured hoops. The milkpans full of their nutritious liquid, guarded by coats of rich, yellow cream, almost thick enough to skate upon. Then there were large lumps of excellent yellow butter; pies of enormous size; and apple stacks, very good when eaten with milk. Curds and cheeses were also there—rich bacon and every variety of substantial eatables. Yet every thing would be perfectly neat and clean—and let every housekeeper remember that, next to good victuals, cleanliness is the greatest incentive to appetite. But the most attractive object would be a sweet maid with health and innocence glowing in her red cheeks and sparkling eyes—her blue apron put on in such a manner as to set off her admirable form to advantage, while her active little feet would just peep from under her plain muslin or linsey-woolsey gown. The spinning wheel would whirl industriously round as she nimbly propelled it, and she sang at her work with sheer lightness of heart. Then there were the high, wide chimney corners; the lofty mantel, and extensive hearth. The old family clock stood in one corner of the best room, and the carved bureaus of dark mahogany would remind one of the days of the pilgrims. Fashion had not yet entered the borders of our village, and guile and affectation were unknown to the damsels of Peterbury. They had looked forward with pleasing anticipations towards the anniversary of our nation's independence; for it was on that day that all labor and business was suspended, and parties of pleasure, feasting, and other amusements became the order of the day.

But more especially, and that which attracted the most attention in old and young, was the afternoon revelry on the village green. The youth were ac-

customed to prepare themselves for this occasion some days before the time arrived when they should exhibit in public. There were foot races, wrestling, leaping, and other feats expected of them, and they vied with each other, in gaining the crown which was always awarded the victor. As early as four o'clock in the afternoon, the villagers began to assemble. Old Jonathan Brown was seen lingering on his crutches at the corner of the church as early as three; but he had a great ways to walk, and he always set out early. At length a waggon drove up to the green and set down two old men and a young woman. They seated themselves on the grass, and one of the men, pulling a bottle of home brewed beer out of his deep coat pocket, handed it to the girl, who drank some, and then the old men helped themselves, declaring it was a good beverage on a hot dry day. Another waggon next drew up which contained three very large old women. The horse, who seemed tired of his ponderous load, was driven by a little boy. One of the old men started up and helped the lad put the horse into keeping, and then returned to the side of the old women who fell to talking so fast that he had not a chance to be polite to them. When they sat down, a good deal of ground was already covered. A group of young girls was now seen issuing from a sort of channel between two craggy rocks, and they came laughing up to the spot where the old ladies were established. There was Lucy Brown with her new straw bonnet; there was Nancy Miller who wore a pink that she had owned a whole year and looked still as good as new; there was Lucy Handy with her new shoes that came from Boston; and Jane Parker with a string of large glass beads around her neck, which she bought of a pedlar for thirteen cents, though he asked her a shilling at first. Flora Richardson was a young city lady, who had come to the village to see her cousin, Sophia Johnson, and she was dressed in a more tasty style than the rest, but the other girls did not envy or hate her for that. The people now began to throng in pretty fast, and very soon there was not an open space of any extent left on the green, excepting that in the midst, where the youths were expected to perform. Several long benches had been placed along the sides of the arena, on which about two hundred young ladies were seated, in such a position that they could witness the performance with the greatest convenience, which also gave those an opportunity who were behind them to look over their heads.

Jonathan Brown, the lame man, had hustled up so as to be very near to the scene of action, and he now entered into a conversation with squire Taft who stood looking through his spectacles at the gathering crowd.

'The lads have not arrived yet,' said Jonathan, 'What do you think detains them, squire?'

'I cannot say, Jonathan,' replied the squire, 'but you can tell me, I suppose, a little about the expected fete. What are those long poles stuck in the earth for?'

'I do n't rightly know,' said Jonathan, hitching up on his crutches, 'but I believe they have something to do with the races. I think the poles are placed about

midway of the race course, and when the runners arrive at them, each one is obliged to pluck up a pole, and carry it with him to the goal, so as to try his strength of arm in jerking it from the ground, as well as his fleetness in running. I have seen a young fellow win the race by strength of arm alone.—The one opposed to him was the swifter of the two, but it took him so long to get his pole out of the ground, that the other came up, dashed out his pole at a single jerk, and got so far ahead that his antagonist could not overtake him.'

The squire laughed, and then asked the meaning of several pits, one of which was about ten feet wide, that he saw on the revel-ground.

'They are for the jumpers,' said Jonathan. 'If you were near enough, you would perceive that those pits are filled nearly half full of water. The water is two or three feet deep; and if a jumper misses clearing the pit, he falls into the water, which makes rare sport for the spectators.'

'Rather hard play, I should think,' said the squire. 'But here come several of the youths. Who is that ahead that stalks into the arena with so bold and independent a look?'

'That,' said Jonathan, 'is Ned Winder, the blacksmith's son. He is nineteen years old, and is very strong of his age. See what a deep chest he has. Look at his arms how sinewy they are. Ned is a tough wrestler, and they say he is swift of foot too.'

'And who are the two lads that follow him?' asked the squire.

'One of them is Richard Cauley,' answered Jonathan. 'He is taller than Ned, and they say he is his match, but we shall see. They will both try their best before this large company. They are both courting, and their sweethearts are here. They will not like to be beat in their presence. The third one is William Hopedale, a very clever youth, but I have never seen him tried. He looks like a racer, but I should not take him to be very strong.'

'Why do n't these three begin?' asked the squire. 'See they are sitting down on their covered bench.'

'Oh, my good sir,' replied Jonathan, 'they are some of the choice ones. They are Number One. They won't come forward till the middling kind have exercised a little.' But now a large number of youths, amounting in all to about thirty, moved through the opening crowd, and entered the wide space designed for the sports of the day. At the same time a large crown, curiously woven with green twigs and beautiful flowers, was elevated on a pole, the end of which was stuck into the ground. It was for the honor of wearing that crown that the youths were to contend. One of the selectmen stood by the side of the pole with his pencil and parchment to keep a correct account, and to judge of the merits of the competitors.

The youths who were to contest for the crown, now divided into separate groups; two of which contained about a dozen apiece, while another contained four, and another seven. The larger groups were considered inferior in point of bodily prowess to the smaller ones. They were, many of them, young and inexperienced, and a few could not have been more than fifteen years of age. But the smaller groups contained lads of nerve and vigor, whose cheeks were

beginning to put on the dawn of manhood, and whose eyes were lustrous with the fire of ambition. Ned Winder belonged to the group of seven, and his party were all bold looking fellows. They were called number one—but the party of four were peculiar in their appearance. They were all dressed in green frocks which came as low as their knees, while a white sash was bound about their waists. This dress set off their forms to excellent advantage. They were denominated 'the superiors,' and it was very difficult to reach their station. When a youth had once won his way to the rank of a superior by vanquishing every one of a lower grade, he held the station for life; but he must prove himself very superior indeed before he could win the honor and wear the green and white. There was not a youth on the ground over twenty-one years of age, and yet some of them had contested at seven anniversaries.—When 'the superiors' took their station in the back ground, there was a thrill of admiration which passed through the whole assembly, but their attention was soon called off to the inferior party, who prepared to struggle for fame—they could not expect to win the crown. The party lowest in rank, consisting of a dozen boys of various ages, came forward into the middle of the arena, and bowed to the assembled. Three cheers welcomed them, and all was silent. Two of them then prepared for a race. The word was given and they started. They came out nearly even. The victor's name was Walker. He was obliged to run with another lad. He came off victorious again. The spectators applauded him, and his heart beat high with the hope of conquering all his party, and being elevated to number two, the next best party. In this, he was doomed to be disappointed, for the next competitor outran him. After they had all finished without any particular praise being bestowed on any of them, the next party came forward. Number two contained some pretty vigorous fellows, and they ran the pole races—an honor which was never permitted number three. One young man came well nigh vanquishing all his party, but the ninth man with whom he contested, released his pole so quickly that he distanced him several paces. Every one was sorry for the lad, but the rules of the place compelled him to retire in disappointment. This party having finished their races, they commenced wrestling. Several feats of strength and agility were performed, which drew forth considerable applause from the numerous spectators, but no man gained special honor and promotion. Ned Winder with his party of seven, now came forward. A murmur of pleasure ran through the whole assembly when these brave looking youths advanced to the trial.

'There comes number one,' whispered Kitty Christian to her next neighbor. 'Now you will see how my Edward will distinguish himself. See, how noble he looks, and how fiercely he looks about him?'

'We shall see, we shall see,' answered the other maiden, 'if my Richard does not put him to the blush, I am mistaken.'

Edward and Richard were the first who ran. On first starting Edward Winder certainly had the advantage, but Richard Cauley came rapidly up with him, by the time they reached the poles. Cauley

seized his pole, a little before Edward got hold of his; and he jerked it out by one violent movement. Edward did not disengage his pole from the earth quite so soon, but this was rather an advantage to him, as he missed being struck by Richard's pole, as the violent wrench which he gave brought him to the ground. Edward leaped over the prostrate Richard, and sped towards the goal, but the latter had regained his feet in an incredibly short space of time, and Edward, who had suffered himself to be lulled into a feeling of security, by the accident of his antagonist, looked with astonishment upon the form of Richard bounding at his side. Before he could recover his speed, Richard was a few paces ahead of him. A fierce struggle for victory now ensued. The two competitors put forth all their strength, and it seemed doubtful which would gain the race; but Edward Winder touched the goal first. The spectators applauded with repeated cheers, and Kitty Christian's eyes twinkled with inward delight. Edward was now obliged to run with another of his party. He came off victorious, and was again cheered. Then William Hopedale stepped forth to contend with him. William was rather taller than Edward, and more slender. He was the junior of his antagonist by a year; but his motions were light and easy, and Kitty Christian began to look anxious when he stepped forward and stood by the side of her heretofore victorious Edward. William had once vanquished his whole party in the races, but he was unsuccessful in wrestling, and therefore failed of getting the green and white—for one must be superior to his party in every thing before he could be promoted. Edward had braced himself up with a determination to win, and he believed that if he beat William, he should have no difficulty with the other three of his party; and he thought that in wrestling he should also be secure of every one but Richard Cauley, of whom he stood in some doubt. The word was given and William soon got the better of Edward. When they reached the poles, Edward was twenty feet behind. William drew out his pole in a short time, but Edward was still more successful, and as they started anew, they were exactly abreast of each other. Their proximity did not continue. William seemed to leap as if assisted by wings, and Edward fell gradually behind. The race continued, however, with unabated ardor until the goal was reached. Edward lost the victory, and William was loudly cheered. Kitty Christian burst into tears, and said she 'hated that William Hopedale—why could n't he have let my Edward beat for once, for he would have got the green and white then!' William was now obliged to run with all his party in succession, and he outstripped them all! He was very enthusiastically applauded, but the trial of strength was to come, and there he did not succeed so well. He was thrown by Richard Cauley; and the disappointed Edward fell by the same hand. Number one finished their feats with much credit to themselves, but as none of them were promoted, it destroyed all expectation of promotion, as the only party now left to try their prowess was 'the superiors,' who came forward to contest, not for promotion, but for the crown! The arena was cleared, and a deep silence prevailed throughout the

whole concourse when the four superior youths, arrayed in their distinguishing badges, advanced into the middle of the arena and bowed to the multitude. Every eye was keenly bent upon them, and their every look and motion was intensely watched. They had not the large chests of Ned Winder, nor the slender proportions of William Hopedale; but there was an undefinable something in their forms and features which betokened something uncommon.

'Fine looking young fellows,' said the squire to Jonathan Brown—'they look like heroes, every one of them. But who is that one that stands at the left hand, and has such a careless air. I think he is very handsome.'

'That,' said Jonathan, 'is one who was promoted last year. He is a smart one, and quite young too—but he fought his way up hill manfully, and he is now amongst the superiors. Some think that he will stand Edgar Manley a good tug for the crown, but it is hardly to be expected; for Edgar is a lion—a whole host in himself.'

'But you have not told me who he is,' said the squire.

'His name is Alexis Montford,' said Jonathan. 'He is the son of William Montford. He is as smart over his books, as he is in the field. He is a wonder of a lad, and so free-hearted that the young lady you see sitting yonder has given him the name of "the open-hand."'

'He certainly is a noble looking fellow,' answered the squire. 'What an eye he has? How dark and piercing! What limbs too! He is a young Apollo!'

Before the squire could make any more remarks, two of the superiors—Edgar Manley and Charles Lewis, stood prepared for the race. Lewis had once or twice worsted Edgar, on preceding occasions, and the interest was intense, when these two youth stood forth as competitors. Both looked like princes, when compared with the youths who had run before them, and both appeared to be very nearly matched. The signal was given, and they set out. Those who had never seen them run before, were astonished at their vigor. They seemed scarcely to touch the ground, and they had arrived at the poles before any advantage could be perceived in either. They both seemed to strike their hands upon the poles at the same moment, but there was a vast difference in the time which each one used wrenching them from the ground. Edgar seemed to use art as well as strength in releasing his pole from the ground. He gave it a peculiar twist, and it was out in a dozen seconds; but Charles tugged longer, and thus he lost an opportunity which he was not able to retrieve to the end of the race, and Edgar was the victor. Charles was evidently much chagrined, and Edgar equally elated. Long and repeated shouts were heard on all sides, and then much whispering occurred amongst the spectators. It was observed that Edgar cast his eye up towards the crown, as he passed by it, on his way back to the starting place. But now Alexis Montford, the youth of the large dark eye, is summoned to come forward. Many low murmurs were heard as he took his station by the side of the proud and triumphant Edgar—and one low sigh was heard amongst the spectators, but no one turned his head to see from whence the sound

proceeded, as every eye was fixed on the handsome youth who was destined to compete with Edgar.—For a moment the two young men stood awaiting the signal and so silent was the multitude that the low moan of the summer breeze was heard as it crept through the willow branches of the adjacent burial ground. At length the signal was given. The superiority of Alexis was soon manifested. The speed of Edgar was thought to be greater than that which he had shown in his race with Lewis; but the speed of Alexis was like the wind. Some murmured that when they reached the poles, Edgar would retrieve what he had lost, but it was soon decided. As he drew near his pole, Alexis gave one vigorous spring and pouncing upon his pole bore it down and dragged it through the broken ground before he alighted on his feet. The race was decided. Alexis was seen careering towards the goal like a young deer, while Edgar stopped and relinquished farther trial at some distance behind. The spectators were struck with amazement. Edgar could not hold up his head, and while some pitied him, others were not sorry to see his pride checked for once, as he had become rather haughty in his manners on account of his former good fortune.—Alexis was now called upon to try his success with the other two superiors, and very easily beat them both. So far, Alexis had been successful, but the wrestling was yet to come; and here Edgar, who burned with rage at his defeat in the races, entertained strong hopes of succeeding.

Edgar and Charles Lewis first encountered each other. The struggle was long and violent; but Edgar gained the advantage, having thrown Charles twice out of three times. Then Alexis came forward. The spectators regarded them with doubt, and hesitated to decide. It was true that Alexis had won in the race, but when they looked upon the stout form and broad chest of Edgar, they thought it looked very uncertain how a trial of strength would terminate. But Alexis was certainly built firmly and made of good materials. He had also shown that his motions were quicker than those of his opponent. The doubt hung not long. They commenced. After a few introductory flourishes, Edgar raised Alexis completely from the ground, but when he thought to dash him down to the earth, Alexis placed his foot quickly behind the other, and by a vigorous twist, flung him, at his whole length, upon the earth. Edgar rose up in a great rage and seized Alexis very roughly, who received him unmoved, and soon succeeded in prostrating him again upon the ground. Edgar retired, acknowledging his defeat; and the other two superiors waived their privilege of contesting farther.

The jumping then commenced, which created much mirth, as some of the clumsy ones got a good ducking. This being concluded, nothing remained but the ceremony of crowning the victor. The selectman declared Alexis entitled to the prize, as the reader has no doubt already done. The spectators now crowded up towards the ring to see the victor crowned. Alexis was seated on a kind of throne in the middle of the arena, and all the competitors formed a circle around him, with their hats off. The oldest youth of each party then stepped to the foot of the throne and delivered short addresses, which had

been composed for the occasion by the schoolmaster of the village. Then a triumphant song in praise of the victor was sung in concert by the whole circle of the youths. After which, they opened and formed two lines, leading from the throne. Twelve maidens, dressed in white, then advanced between these two lines, headed by the town clerk, who placed the crown upon the head of Alexis. As soon as this was done, loud shouts from the multitude rent the air, and the twelve maidens chaunted a song of praise to the king of the revels. Alexis was then told that he might choose a queen from amongst the twelve damsels. The girls stood with glistening eyes, each one being ambitious of the honor. But Alexis after surveying them all, and still holding the little chaplet in his hand, which was given him to place on the head of the chosen girl, turned to the town clerk, and asked him if he was obliged to choose one of the twelve for his queen, or if he could not seek her amongst the female spectators on the benches. The clerk answered that if any girl on the benches was willing to act the part of queen, he was at liberty to choose her. Alexis then walked around the ring, until he cast his eyes on a modest retiring maiden, who, seeming to understand what he intended, hung her head and looked as pale as the mountain snow. Alexis advanced directly up to her, and took her hand. A gush of pleasure and pride drove the rich blood to her cheek, and she walked trembling by the side of Alexis to the throne, with the chaplet on her head. The spectators loudly applauded, and all but one approved his choice, for he had crowned the lovely and amiable Medora Huntley, who was admired and esteemed by every one who knew her. I say all but one rejoiced to see Medora led to the throne, and that one was Miss Flora Richardson, the young lady from the city. She had taken great pains to exhibit her fine dress and false curls to the eyes of all the spectators; and when she saw Alexis come towards the benches, she thought it could be for no other purpose but to choose her. She whispered to her cousin when she saw him approach, and said, 'I won't go, Sophia. No, I won't expose myself to the eyes of all these country people. No—I won't—see, he is coming—oh! dear cousin—where are your salts?' Nevertheless, she would have been as glad to be crowned as she was certain of being so. Therefore when she saw that Alexis never once looked at her, but passed heedlessly by and chose Medora, she started up and said in a pet, 'Well, I declare! Come, cousin, let us go right home. I will not stay here where people have such strange tastes. I do think your country sports are the foolishlest things that I ever witnessed.'

A carriage was now drawn up, into which Alexis and Medora entered. It was drawn by four white horses, and the multitude followed after them with cheers and congratulations. The interesting couple were put down at a large farm house, where a banquet was prepared. All the competitors, with the town clerk, a number of gentlemen and ladies, and the poor of the town, partook of this banquet, while the king and queen sat in state at the head of the table; and it was long remembered how interesting the young people looked on that memorable night. Yes,

it was remembered and talked of long after the ravages of time and misery had produced great changes in many who were present on that happy evening. After the festival was over, which was not until late in the evening, the delighted Medora was conveyed home to her mother's cottage, and Alexis set out for the house of his parents. He was passing through the principal street of the village when somebody tapped him on the shoulder. He looked up, and saw a man whom he had noticed at the banquet on account of the great pains he took to please every body. As Alexis supposed it proceeded from an amiable disposition, he was not sorry to see him, as he was alone and had still a half a mile to walk.

'Well, my lad,' said the stranger, 'you did excellently to-day. Really, you are quite a hero. The way that you threw the big fellow on his back twice was not slow.'

'Do you live in the village,' inquired the youth.

'Yes, sir; yes, sir,' answered the other with great quickness and complaisance. 'I have just set up here, and I should like to have you call in and see me.—You must try to encourage a new comer. I have a little shop where I should be happy to see my friends, and trust I shall be quite as cheap and accommodating as others.'

Alexis promised to give the man a call, for he appeared to be a very clever fellow, but Alexis was not much acquainted with the world, and did not know that your worst enemies often assume the guise of friends. He went home and dreamed of his Medora. He had not yet made any serious proposals to her, although it was, by this time, pretty extensively rumored that Alexis and Medora were attached to each other; and his having chosen her for his queen went far to strengthen the surmise. In the morning Alexis went over to inquire after the health of Medora, and took an opportunity when the old people were not in the room to address some interesting observations to her.

'Well, Medora,' said he, 'It is some time since I first looked upon your budding charms, and became acquainted with the graces of your mind, but I recollect that when I first did know you, I felt a strong wish that our friendship might grow to something particular.'

'When you first knew me, Alexis,' said she. 'I did not know that you had got tired of me so soon.'

'Nor am I—nor do you think so, my dear Medora. You know that I could never grow tired of you.'

'Dear me, if I have n't burned this cake!' cried Medora, trying to hide her confusion by bending over the fire. 'Upon my word, I've put the spoon on the fire instead of this chip. Why, what has got into me?'

'Nothing but love,' replied Alexis, 'nothing else in the world, and so you had better own it at once, for that is what I came here for.'

'I'm sure you talk very queer,' said she, with a hysteric laugh, 'I do n't know what you mean by love. I've heard of love, but I do n't know how you would describe it.'

'Pshaw,' said he, 'why do you make these false pretences? You know that you would be very sorry to hear that any thing bad had happened to me.'

'Certainly—so I would if anything bad happened to any one,' said she, behaving still more confused.

'Then,' said Alexis, 'you were no doubt very sorry yesterday to see me win the crown, because Edgar lost it.'

'I'm sure I was not!' cried Medora. 'I was so afraid you would not win it that I cried when—' She stopped, for the ardent gaze which Alexis bent upon her, convinced her that she was betraying herself. He arose and clasping her hand said, 'Come, dear Medora, you will say that you love me, when you see that I cannot live without you; will you not?'

She rested her drooping forehead on his shoulder, and owned her love; but quickly recollecting herself, she started back and putting her apron to her eyes, sobbed out—'you are too bad, Alexis. You are very cruel to make me say I love you. I never told a man such a thing before in all my life.'

But Alexis followed up his advantage and soothed her with those kind words that maidens delight to hear, until she no longer hesitated to tell him all that was in her heart. Then they vowed constancy to each other, and sealed their promise with a long farewell kiss.

As soon as Alexis left Medora, he went with a light heart, to pay his promised visit to the shop-keeper. He found the shop without much difficulty, and over the door was a sign with these words upon it, 'John Sloper, Taverner.' He entered the door, but saw nothing in the shop that looked particularly like a tavern. There were several large casks on which were painted the words, 'Brandy,' 'N. E. Rum,' 'Gin,' 'Spice Bitters,' and 'Cherry.' On the counter were several glasses and decanters, the latter being half-full of liquor. There were several men seated on the bench whose actions were very remarkable. Their noses and eyes were red, and they did not sit quite so upright as a judge. As soon as Alexis entered the shop, Sloper bowed very smilingly and began to pass a great many compliments. 'A very warm morning, sir,' said he to Alexis.

'I thought it was rather cooler than common, this morning,' returned Alexis.

'Oh! why, yes—that is,' said the other, with a smiling countenance, 'it is a kind of cool in the shade, I mean, and especially with wet feet. But the weather, that is, in the sun, eh! yes, oh! yes, very warm—a burning hot day, I do assure you—not so hot but what one would take cold though with his jacket off. Oh! yes, quite cool, sir. Quite cool. Indeed, it is shivering weather. But I have something here that warms one. Eh! my boy!'

'What do you call this?' said Alexis, taking hold of a decanter.

'Oh! this is brandy, sir. Fine wholesome stuff for warm weather. Nothing better to produce perspiration. You see I am a bit of a doctor; and I can say from experience that there is nothing like good liquor. This is prime, sir. After your exertions yesterday, sir, it will be very good. Come, sir, shall I pour you out a glass?' And the taverner flew around with such activity, and had so many thousand winning ways, that Alexis thought he could not well refuse taking a glass; although so temperately had he been brought up that he had never before raised

liquor to his lips. He drank, and the effect was that it produced a lightness of heart and a recklessness of feeling which he had never before known. It made him talkative, and the taverner talked too, and poured out Alexis another glass of liquor, and, before they parted, Alexis thought Sloper the finest fellow that he had ever seen. Alexis went about his daily business, for he was in a thriving way, and his prospects were good; but in the evening he could not avoid dropping in and seeing his friend the taverner before he went home, although he had resolved that he would not spend another cent for liquor that day.—But he found several men of his acquaintance in the shop, who began pouring forth drunken praises on his incomparable achievements at the revels; and Alexis was soon overcome, and consented to take a glass with one Thomas Ryder, who had formerly taught the village school, but had been expelled for bad conduct. He became loquacious, and soon fell to drinking as earnestly as any of them. When he left the tavern, he took it into his head to call on Medora, who thought him very interesting and agreeable—little knowing his fine speeches were the effect of an unnatural excitation. Their marriage day was agreed upon, and Alexis went home at a late hour. A couple of months passed on in this manner, and Medora was led to the altar by the man she loved.—Never were a more beautiful couple seen to enter the village church, and the blessings of all the inhabitants attended their union. Apparently, every thing promised well. Alexis was thriving rapidly in business and Medora brought him a very good dowry for a village maid. They rented a comfortable cottage, and before the end of the year, Medora had presented her husband with a fine boy. But Alexis had not deserted the tavern.

It is true that for a few months, the endearments of his wife, and the necessary arrangements of his household affairs kept him pretty much at home, during his leisure hours; but he had acquired an appetite for spirits, and could not avoid calling in, once in a while, to see how his friend Sloper did; and then Sloper would inquire so kindly after his family and express so much interest in his welfare, that he would stay a little longer than he had at first intended; so that, by the end of the year, Alexis' countenance began to exhibit some marks of the habit of moderate drinking which he had almost insensibly acquired.—His devoted Medora thought he was not well, and endeavored to persuade him to take care of his health; but he loved spirits better than health, and by the time a second child came into the world, he had become so much attached to strong liquors that he spent half of his evenings in the rum-shop. Poor Medora could not long remain ignorant of her husband's growing infirmity, but she did not dare to chide him for fear she should lose his affection. She had no reason to doubt his faithfulness to her, and shuddered at the thought of saying or doing anything which should offend him. Yet would she sit alone and desolate in her cottage, waiting for his return from the tavern, as it was called, and as she looked with all a mother's love upon her beautiful slumbering children, the thought would sometimes obtrude itself that their father's practices might bring beg-

gary and ruin upon their innocent heads. Then would she rise and walk about the room, in order to drown the anguish of her heart, and try to persuade herself that all would yet be well.

So far, they had lived comfortably. They had had enough and to spare, but now Alexis' intemperance became so apparent that people began to be afraid to confide their business to his direction. Then did Medora first begin to see the dangerous tendency of her husband's conduct. She cared not for sundry little luxuries with which she was obliged to dispense.—She cared not that when she needed a new garment her husband was unable to purchase it for her, and she was obliged to shun company on account of her own personal appearance; but when her little children had no shoes for their feet, and there was not always bread in the house to appease their cries—then indeed did the tear of agony force its way down her pallid cheek—then did she spend her solitary evenings in mourning over the downfall of her hopes; and as she plied the needle until the morning light in her untiring endeavors to provide for the wants of her tender children until her husband returned from his nightly debauch; and she looked upon those manly limbs shaped in beauty's mould palsied by strong drink—when she saw that countenance of surpassing beauty marred and disfigured by the subtle destroyer, and that head which had worn the victorious crown a few years ago, bowed in weakness—then, indeed, did her burning heart ache with all the corroding pangs of ruined expectations and approaching ruin. Alexis did not give way to passion in the presence of his wife. Had he behaved cruelly and brutally to her, it might have taken off the edge of her regret on his account, although it never could have conquered her love, which was as deep and devoted as human love can be; but he still treated her with tenderness and appeared to feel affection for his children. That only reminded her of how excellent he was naturally, and deeper was her regret that one who seemed to have no other vice, and was every thing a wife could wish, should be blasted and utterly ruined by the fell hand of the demon that has dragged so many to ruin. Alexis seemed to be sensible of the dreadful condition in which he was; but had not sufficient resolution to shake off the viper that had entwined itself about his vitals and was fast drawing the life-current from his heart. Indeed, such was now his degradation, that he was no longer spoken to by the former companions of his youth. He was shunned by all who knew him excepting his associates at the tavern. He no longer attended to any business, but spent whole days at the bar of his GOOD FRIEND, Mr. Sloper. His landlord began to be concerned for his rent, and visited the cottage one evening while Alexis was at the tavern. He told Alexis' wife that he had come to the conclusion to let the cottage to somebody else, and he wished to see her husband and request him to move. With distraction in her brain, poor Medora set out for the tavern in search of her husband. She found him there. He was surprised at seeing her, and immediately went out with her.

On their way home, they passed the spot where once stood the throne on which Alexis had been crowned, and to which he led the blushing and hap-

py Medora. A vivid recollection of that happy scene broke upon the anguished mind of Medora, and she burst violently into a flood of tears. Alexis had never seen her weep before, for she had always indulged her grief in secret, and he was alarmed at her sudden burst of sorrow. He kindly inquired the cause. 'Oh, my Alexis!' said she, 'I was at that moment thinking of the time when you led me to your throne with a chaplet on my head. I was thinking of how happy I was then—of how bright our prospects were; and contrasting it with our present poverty and my hopeless despair!'

This was the first time that she had spoken to him on the subject, and it awakened a solemn train of reflections in his mind. At length he spoke,

'Ah! my much-loved Medora,' said he, 'you have been an angel to me, and how have I requited you!'

He said no more, but they went to the cottage. Alexis did not try to persuade the landlord to let him stay, but got a waggon on that very night and left the village with all his things and his family.—He carried them to a large neighboring town, and immediately applied himself to business. He drank no more. His health and good looks were restored. Prosperity smiled upon him, and his family were happy. They became even wealthy. 'Ah! my Medora,' said he, as they entered a new house which Alexis had just built, 'I now lead you to another throne and install you queen of this mansion!'

Thus did the tenderness and suffering patience of this young angel save her husband from the grave, and her children from ruin.

LINES

Written in a Young Lady's Album.

Original.

WHEN winter's clouds o'er cast the sky,
The summer birds fly far away,
Where beauteous fields do warmer lie,
And summer's gentlest breezes play.

Thus do the friends who flutter near,
To bask in fortune's sunshine warm;
They leave us if one cloud appear,
To sink and die, or brave the storm.

But when the gayest birds have fled,
The harmless snow-bird still remains,
Singing a requiem o'er the dead,
On winter's cold and gloomy plains.

Love, like this bird, warmly adheres
When fortune's fickle friends depart,
And with its simple, cheerful song
Nestles and plays upon the heart.

My fairest maid, unchanging prove
To those whose hearts unite in thee;
'Till all ascend to heaven above,
To feast on joys eternally.

C. L. G.

Stodard, N. H.

THE PROTRACTED MEETING.

Original.

'KIND and indulgent Parent, thou Maker, Supporter and Preserver of the vast universe and its numerous intelligent beings; thou whose wisdom and goodness are infinite and whose power is boundless; unto thee, the source of life and love, I would kneel humbly and penitently; craving pardon for my many transgressions and imploring thee to keep me in the path of rectitude and virtue! may the ways of duty and religion appear so pleasant, that I may be induced to walk therein without deviation. And, O Father in Heaven, wilt thou in mercy watch over and protect my absent friends! O guard them against temptations, and guide them to that fountain of salvation, whose waters are sweet to the taste, and of which if they drink they shall never thirst! Parent of love, so fill their hearts with a knowledge of thy might and goodness, that the doctrines of men may take no effect; in an especial manner, O Lord, wilt thou give them faith to believe in sincerity, that thou canst and wilt, in thine own good time, perform all thy righteous promises to the children of men, and I pray thee do not leave them to believe the soul-chilling doctrine of thy partiality. O how can men, in view of thy impartial grace and illimitable kindness, thus wilfully traduce thy character! And what I ask for them, I ask for the whole human family; whom, wilt thou ransom from sin and misery and take to thyself in our heavenly home. Amen.'

Thus prayed Florence Stanly in the sincerity of her heart; she was far from home, and the welfare of her kind parents and affectionate brothers and sisters drew from her this ardent and humble petition. Were I in describing her to call her beautiful as an Houri, graceful as Hebe, in fine, say she was an angel, I should only do her injustice. To be sure, her hair was dark auburn and hung in glossy ringlets, she had a fair brow, which shaded intelligent and dark blue eyes; her form was of elegant proportion and her motions light and airy; yet many maidens have been more beautiful than she: but few, I think, superior in mental endowments. Indeed, her chief merits were of this kind. From her earliest years it had been a source of delight, to trace the difficult path of learning and science, to explore their intricate and perplexing labyrinths, and the gratification which a discovery of their mysteries afforded her, more than compensated for all her toil and labor. By nature her feelings were of a deep fraught and sensitive kind, which, thus moulded and directed by education, were reflected from her eyes and countenance, those sure mirrors of the heart, giving them an expression more interesting to the beholder, than the most faultlessly arranged features. Her extensive researches into the hidden depths of knowledge, the enthusiasm with which she viewed the works of nature, the contemplation of the harmony and sublimity of the vast whole, together with a consideration of the changeless and perfect rules by which it is governed, had given her exalted and glorious views of the divine character of that being who projected and accomplished so mighty a work. In the vast plan nought was seen but omnipotent power, impelled by infinite wisdom and goodness; boundless and impartial love

was evidently the governing principle, and knowing likewise, that the Great Author was without shadow of change, she was irresistibly led to believe, that the same power, love and kindness would ever be exerted over all his children, as brethren of the same great family.

Florence, as I have said, was at a distance from home: she was attending school in a beautiful retired village about 30 miles from her paternal home. She had but recently received a letter from L—, the residence of her parents, stating that a 'protracted meeting' was then and there raging, among whose converts were found nearly all her friends. This it was, that drew from her that sincere prayer. She could hardly credit the report, and yet she feared it might be true; feared I say, for to her the dogmas and creeds supported at these meetings, appeared derogatory to the character of that Being whose attributes are perfect, and the threats and denunciations there dealt out to the unregenerated seemed illy calculated to inspire their objects with that reverence due the Almighty, whose very nature is love. The time allotted for her absence soon expired and she returned to her fondly remembered home. There she had ever been a favorite and she now anticipated the joy with which she should be received; but how was she disappointed! there were to be sure the same old, familiar faces, the pressure of the hand, the numerous inquiries after her health and welfare; but, that warmth and sincerity of welcome were wanting, which renders it so pleasing and acceptable and which is so readily missed.

Florence felt all this, felt that something had interposed between her and the affection of her parents and friends, and the tears rushed to her eyes. She, however, restrained them in a measure, and inquired for her companions, those with whom she had associated from her infancy, and whose remembrance was dear to her as life. She was answered by her mother, that most or all of them had obtained a hope at the late revival, and, continued she, as she cast upon her a scrutinizing glance, 'you, Florence, have been the subject of many hearty prayers.'

'Well, dear mother, and as the prayers of the righteous avail much, do you doubt their efficacy?'

'God grant they may prove effectual!' said the mother.

She was then informed that many were to be taken into the church the next Sabbath, among whom were both her parents.

Her father had ever been an honest, upright man, had accumulated a handsome fortune by his industry and economy, and had long been known as a friend to the poor. His wife was equally respected and equally deserving; the afflicted and heart-broken had ever found in her a soother and consoler. They had two sons and three daughters, of whom Florence was the eldest. They had never made a profession of religion, but were considered as rather liberal in principle, favoring no particular denomination.

The 'protracted meeting' already mentioned, was the first of the kind ever holden in L—, and was 'got up' by a zealous revivalist and some of his

less gifted brethren. They very soon determined to convert Mr. Stanly, having an eye probably upon his worldly goods, as well as the good of his soul, and made his house their abiding place through the meeting, and by dint of persuasion thereto, flattery, and the host of means resorted to upon similar occasions, succeeded in bringing himself and wife from darkness into the marvellous light of orthodoxy!

'Where is your friend Charles,' said Florence the next day, to her young brother, 'has he too met with a change?'

'Yes, he goes into the anxious seats and talks and sings in meeting; he attended during the whole time.'

'And did not you "get religion;" you went to the meeting?'

'I went to meeting, but could not become a convert.'

'Why not you, as well as Charles, you are as old and had the same opportunity, or did you not try?'

'Oh! yes, I tried the anxious seats, solicited prayers and went through the whole routine of duties, but it was of no use. I do not understand their meaning, neither, I believe, does Charles; for he says he feels no different, but thought he must "come out" because the rest did.'

'Well, dear brother, I am glad you made no such professions, as it is only adding deceit to ignorance, and you now see the uselessness of attempting to reform the heart by an obscure, mysterious, performance of ceremonies, instead of reasoning and sound argument; besides, I assure you the reformation produced by real religion is perfectly easy; merely to break off from your evil ways and follow those of truth and virtue; do as you would be done by, and look upon God as the Father and Friend of sinners, though not of sin.'

'No, no,' said a young sister, 'the minister says sinners will be punished in a lake of fire, by God, and I know he cannot love them and do that!'

'Sin and wickedness will surely be punished, my dear sister, but our Heavenly Father will in his own good time, destroy them and their consequent misery, and take all his children to a final and happy home.'

'You had better not say so before the Rev. Mr. P. for he would call you a hell-deserving, hopeless, sinner.'

The sabbath at length arrived, and Florence wended her way, with a trembling step, in company with the rest of the family, to church; not as she had been wont to approach it, did she now; for her heart foreboded that no good would come to her from the ceremony she was about to see performed, as she feared it would widen the breach which seemed already to have been formed between herself and parents. The minister was one she had often heard preach, and although she could not agree with him in point of doctrine, yet she esteemed and respected him, as she had ever been taught to all. He prayed, and earnestly too, that all might be brought to accept of proffered mercy, but in a particular manner for those who were in the ark of safety, that they might be strengthened to perse-

vere to the end. Then followed a sermon, from this text, 'And if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?' in which he declared, that those who did not come forward and separate themselves from the world, the flesh and the devil, were only treasuring up for themselves wrath against the day of wrath; that God was willing all should come and taste the waters of life freely, but they would not; that he had power to save all but would not, only those who had accepted this proffered grace; finally, that salvation was the free gift of God, that those whom he called would finally inherit life eternal, while the remaining ones, even to the age of infancy and youth, would have their portion with the devil and his angels.

'Oh! God,' mentally exclaimed Florence, 'save my mother from that horrid belief!' The Articles of Faith and Church Covenant were read, and she shuddered to see so many silently assent to such glaring inconsistencies, as they appeared to her.

'Father,' said Florence, that evening, 'could you fully and heartily assent to the principles of that doctrine, of which you have to-day declared yourself a supporter?'

'To be sure, else I should not thus have bound myself to its creed; but why do you ask the question?'

'Because, it seems to me a system of contradictions, which sets forth the character of the Deity and our relation to him, in no very enviable light. "That God is a being of infinite power, knowledge, wisdom, justice, goodness, truth, and the Fountain of Good; that he foreknew all things, and governs all things by his will, which is holy, just and good, that Christ, the Son of God, died to atone for sin, and that salvation is the free gift," I think no one will doubt; but then, "that when mankind are dead in transgression and sin, if they will not come and partake of the water of life freely, their punishment shall be endless, notwithstanding their condition must have been known to the Almighty from the beginning, and the happiness of the righteous is his own free gift," seems to be paradoxical; for being totally vile we could not be expected to have holy thoughts and wishes; besides it seems to limit infinite goodness.'

'What appears to you unmeaning and inconsistent are those holy mysteries, which are wisely hidden from man in his unregenerate state. But you, I suppose, would have me believe in that ungodly, immoral doctrine of Universal Salvation; supposing that were true, what motive would you present to the sinner to restrain him in his vicious career?'

'Not one which was continually clashing with his reason, not tell him that he was odious and detested in the sight of God, and thereby cause him to hug his vices still closer to his heart; for what incentive has a person to attempt to gain the favor of another, to whom he considers himself an object of hatred? but tell him that he is now, as ever, under the care of a kind parent, who is pleased when his children follow his counsels, but that sin is attended with sure and painful consequences, which a person can only escape by denying himself of the cause, however exciting its appearance. So good a being and such good effects, produced by so simple means, will be a strong

temptation to attempt to gain the one by obeying the commands of the other.'

'I tell you reason has nothing to do with religion; and I desire to hear no more of your trash,' said her father in a stern voice, as he hastily left the room.

A silence of some minutes followed, which was broken by the mother. 'My child, do not give way to such opinions, however rational they may seem, for they will surely prove your ruin.'

'Where then shall I find a guide, if not in reason or revelation? for this to my understanding is the religion of scripture.'

'Oh! it is too good to believe, and again I say, I fear it will prove your everlasting ruin.'

'Then you acknowledge its goodness and would fain believe it true?'

'Oh! yes, could I believe that I should meet my children and friends in that happy home, I could die content; but alas, I dare not, and the thought of that final separation, nay, that even now my darling child, your beloved sister, is perhaps writhing in torments, is almost too much for human reason; I sometimes feel mine tottering upon it throne!'

'Dear mother, I beg of you, drive those thoughts from your mind, 't is sin to indulge them! Can you suppose anything too good to come from a fountain so pure and holy? Can you suppose that the Creator has given us this desire after happiness and will not gratify it? No, his promises are sweet and pleasant to the sin-sick soul, and are certain of being performed. He is surely the Father and Friend of all.'

Days and weeks wore away, and with them a change was wrought in this once happy family; and although it was almost imperceptible in its progress, yet its effects were sensibly felt. The father became more grave and austere, the mother more thoughtful and sad, and the love and confidence of the children diminished proportionably. Their minister was a constant visiter, and not unfrequent were the warnings and threats which he gave Florence. One day he addressed her thus:

'Well, my dear, have you come to any conclusion upon the subject of religion?'

'Nothing new, sir, I formed my conclusions, as you are aware, long ago, and they remain unaltered.'

'I do not call that religion; it is mere nonsense, or only the wiles of the Evil One, to lead mankind astray; I mean, have you obtained a hope.'

'Yes, sir, one that is like an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast.'

'And you have been brought to feel that you was the chief of sinners, that as such you deserved the endless wrath of God; but that he has pardoned your sins, and will now receive you to himself in glory?'

'I know that I am a sinner, yet I believe Christ died for me and all mankind; that we through his stripes might be healed; that a world's salvation was his object, and that in due time he will see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied.'

'Still harping upon your old theory of a world's salvation; 't is one of satan's best arguments!'

'But still, from thorough examination I am convinced it is a scripture argument.'

'I tell you again, people have no right to examine for themselves upon so momentous a subject, but

take the experience of their elders, and if you do not give up your damnable doctrine of Universalism, you will find too late, that there is a reality in everlasting torments!'

I have said Florence was a self-taught Universalist, and thus far I said truly, but I have not said how strongly she was confirmed in that belief by the conversation of a young man, with whom she became acquainted while attending school. Mason Huntley was two or three years her elder, a youth of promising talents and prepossessing appearance, who at the time their acquaintance commenced was preparing for the ministry. The supreme power and goodness of God in creating the world and mankind; the glorious plan of salvation by which they were to be rescued from the thralldom of sin and misery; the love which influences the Father in his dealing with his erring children; were themes upon which he was never tired of discoursing, and to which Florence listened with delight. A friendship thus begun, soon ripened into love, pure and fervent, as the cause which first inspired it. Her friends were soon informed of the attachment, and expressed their disapprobation in strong terms, particularly the father, who could ill endure the idea of a union between a member of his family and one deemed by him little better than an infidel. 'Florence,' said he, 'I shall never prohibit your marriage with Huntley, but when it does take place, I desire you no longer to consider my house your home.' Long was the struggle in her heart, between duty to her parents and her love for her betrothed husband; but at length the latter predominated, for she well knew her parents' only objection was his religion; besides her own happiness was at stake.

'Marry her if you will,' said her father to Mason, 'but not one cent of my property shall either ever possess.'

'It is not your money, dear sir, but your daughter, I ask; give me her, and I ask no more wealth than is necessary for her support and comfort.'

'If that be all take her, and let me see nor hear more from either of you.'

They were married and settled in a pleasant village in a neighboring state, whither Huntley had received an invitation to preach to a flourishing society, and his labors were crowned with abundant success. Long and happy was the time he passed among them, alleviating the distressed, succouring the needy, consoling the afflicted; he was beloved and respected by a numerous class of friends; while his wife, the companion of his labors, shared largely in the esteem and love of his people.

Mr. Stanly trusted too firmly in the promises of his brethren, and was deceived. He became security, to a large amount, for one in whom he placed unlimited confidence, and was ruined. In vain he called for redress, in vain prayed for assistance; those friends so officious in his prosperous days, fled as the clouds of adversity hovered over his head, and left him to bear his burden alone. Mrs. Stanly, whose health had been for some time on the decline, sunk under this unexpected stroke, and her daughter, for the first time since her marriage, visited her paternal home, at her mother's earnest request. She found

her fast failing, and was soon sensible she must part with her forever. But she had the heartfelt satisfaction of hearing from her own lips, her sincere conviction of the truth of that doctrine, taught by all the prophets and apostles since the world began, and with a firm hope in its fulfilment, saw her yield with resignation her breath to him who gave it. Her father so far overcame his prejudices as to consent to take up his abode in her own happy home, where in good time he embraced the same faith in which his wife had died.

'How could I have been so deceived and selfish,' said he, 'as to have founded my hopes of future happiness on so frail and limited a foundation? I shall ever trace the design of Providence in the loss of my property and the still more trying loss of my wife, by which I have been enabled to test the excellences of partial and unlimited grace; and may the world be brought to see the happifying effects of the latter as I have been.'

F. M. S.

Norwich, Vt.

BLESSINGS OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Original.

'Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.'—PSALM i. 1—3.

THAT was a wise and just caution, given by the great preacher of righteousness, in these words,—'Judge not according to appearance, but judge a righteous judgment.' We cannot determine who is the 'blessed man,' by external circumstances, and appearances. In passing along the high way, you may chance to see a well constructed house, with the lands round about tastefully laid out—all things arranged in the best order, and combining, in beautiful simplicity, taste with judgment, prudence with wisdom, and economy without niggardness. And from the general appearance, you may be led to conclude that the owner, or occupant of that dwelling, must be happy—that he is the blessed man of whom David makes mention.

But, should the fearful truth flash upon your mind, you would start back with horror, on learning that contention, division, evil speaking, discontent, and murmuring, and repining, and every evil work, were carried on by its inmates.

Neither can you determine by the appearance of the man, whether peace dwells with him. He may wear a smiling countenance, but gloominess may be at his heart—he may extend to you the hand of friendship, and yet feel not its generous warmth—he may address you with the voice of love, and with a tongue smoother than oil, but the war of contending elements may be raging within him. His eyes may sparkle with pleasure, but a loathsome malady may embitter his soul. Learn, then, to judge mankind by certain correct rules, and not by their appearance.

In the passage at the head of this article, mention

is made of a 'blessed man,'—and to the description of this character, this essay will be devoted. What constitutes a blessed man? In answer to this interrogation, I will set before you the description given by David,—'Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.'

Here you have a description of a blessed man, given both in the negative and the affirmative—and we are also told what he is like. And although the scriptures abound with similar illustrations, I know of none more extensive than that to which your attention is now invited. It seems to comprise all that is spoken by other writers. We read—'Blessed is the man whose sins are forgiven him, blessed is the man to whom the Lord doth not impute his trespasses—blessed are the poor in spirit—blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted—blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God. Blessed are the peace-makers; for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake; for theirs is the kingdom of God.'

Here, only one particular trait is mentioned—while the text contains a general elucidation of a 'blessed man.' I let us then notice:

1st. 'Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly.' The ungodly are those who are the most unlike God. God is love—he is good—he is just—he is kind—he is merciful—he is benevolent—he is tender-hearted—he is piteous—he does good—and he renders to all their dues. The ungodly man is the opposite of all this. He is not exercised by the spirit of love; nor of goodness—nor of kindness. He is not merciful—nor just—nor benevolent—nor piteous—neither does he render to all their dues. Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh. Consequently, the counsel of such an one will partake of his general character. If he advises, it will not be for the good of him he advises. And therefore, no blessing will be upon the head of him who is advised by such an one. Hence it is said—'Blessed is the man who walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly. Let the youth beware. Let all be cautious how they associate with such persons.'

2d. 'Blessed is the man who standeth not in the way of sinners.' The term sinner, or sinners, is but another name of a wicked man. It means one, who is not only backward in doing good, but who actually transgresses the law of his God. There are many persons in every community, who have not a sufficient degree of moral courage to go forward in the commission of crime, nor to engage in acts of violence—but if others will only lead the way, they are ready to follow. If they can obtain countenance from those claiming the characters of respectable men, they are ready to pursue the work of transgression,

in any one of its multifarious forms. And it is too often the case that good men, persons who are well disposed, stand in the way of these people, and when they are not sensible of the harm they are doing, they are giving them countenance and support. I have known instances, wherein fathers have been pained by the conduct of undutiful sons. The son would go to the tavern, or bowling alley—or gambling house, and get intoxicated, and squander away all the money he could get possession of. And the father, instead of setting his face as a flint against all these evils, would visit the tavern, and take one glass—go to the bowling-alley, and roll but a few times—and visit the gambling house, and play but a few games, and lose but little each time, and then complain of his son, for going too often, and drinking too much—and playing and losing too frequently!

Do you not see, beloved reader, that such a father stands in the way of his sinful son? Can he expect his child, who is an index of himself, will forsake the path in which the father stands? If he wishes the blessing of a dutiful and virtuous child—if he wishes his children to be as olive-plants around his table and fire-side, he must not stand in the way of sinners, nor in any way or shape countenance their iniquities. And if we desire the blessing of internal peace and quietness, let us aim not to stand in the way of sinners. If a child can discover the least degree of approbation in the expression of the parent, on the commission of some trifling sin, wherein cunning is exhibited, it takes courage to go forward in the work of transgression. Let us then as parents, and as members of the community, exercise great care and be always upon our guard, that we stand not in the way of sinners. When I consider the great responsibility which devolves on me, as a preacher, and parent, I tremble, and am led to exclaim with Paul—'Who is sufficient for these things?' For I realize, that however feeble are my abilities, and small my conceptions, if I, through misfortune or human imbecility, stray from the path of duty, the members of my household, and some of the individuals composing my congregation, may say—My father, or my minister, does this, or that, and certainly it can be of no harm for me to pattern is example.

It is this consideration which oppresses me, when I have unintentionally stood in the way of transgressors, on finding that some have taken countenance from my example, and designedly broken the wholesome laws of community. And when we consider this subject in all its important bearings, we wonder not that David should have said, 'blessed is the man who standeth not in the way of sinners.'

3d. The third qualification of a blessed man is, 'He sitteth not in the seat of the scornful.'

There seems to be three stages in the character of a wicked man,—viz: 1st. He gives bad counsel—2d. He indulges in transgression,—has his way; 3d. He sits in a seat as a scorner. When a man has arrived to the latter degree of iniquity, he is immensely injurious, and it is dangerous to the morals of community to have him go at large. He is generally beyond reproof. If you rebuke him, or advise him, or counsel him in love, you meet with scornful derision in return. Hence the wise man says, 'Reprove not

a scorner, lest he hate thee. He that reproveth a scorner getteth to himself a blot.'

The characters of those with whom we associate are generally connected with our names; and to have the name of the scorner, is far from affording pleasure. To sit and hear every thing sacred treated with derision, is not a blessing. Yet, how often do the respectable portion of community give countenance to such men. They do not go to the same extent. But, by speaking scornfully of others, and of good institutions and practices, they strengthen their hands, and bid them God speed, and encourage them to go forward with the work of derision.

Reader, as you desire the blessing of God, as you prize the good opinion of the wise and good, as you wish that those with whom you are surrounded, may rise up and call you blessed,—sit not in the seat of the scornful.

4th. The man that is blessed, delights in the law of God. The amount of this is,—His whole soul delights in moving in obedience with all the requisitions of the perfect law of liberty. 'His will, desire, affection, and every motive of his heart, and every moving principle of his soul, are on the side of truth and righteousness. He takes the law of his Maker for the rule of his life, and aims to do unto others, as he would that others should do unto him. He brings all his actions and affections to this holy standard. He looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and is not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the word, and is therefore blessed in the deed. And when he reads, it is to gain knowledge.' And he does not stop here, but he meditates upon the law of God, day and night. He feeds his soul with the word of everlasting life, is nourished by it, and therefore grows in grace and knowledge.

It is not an occasional employment, but a regular and constant duty. Upon God's law doth he meditate day and night. His heart is in it, and the employment, of course, will be constant, and the disposition perpetual. And how sweet and soothing is his comfort! While others roam abroad for joy, he finds a plentiful feast at home. While many are tossed to and fro, and are like the troubled sea, when its waters cannot rest, he is kept in perfect peace. His peace is like a river, and his righteousness as the waves of the sea, a continual flow of peace and joy.

II. What he is like. 'He is like a tree planted by the rivers of water.' A tree planted by the river is not dependent upon the rains so immediately as are those which grow wild. If there should be a great drought, it is not affected by it, for it derives its nourishment from the river. And while the wild and uncultivated tree is parched, and its fruit dies, and its leaf withers, the one planted by the rivers of water shall bring forth its fruit in season, and its leaf shall not wither.

So it is with the man who is blessed in the respects now noticed. He has a continued flow of comfort from within. Acting from principle, he enjoys the commendations of a good conscience, and is not at war with himself. The fruits of love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, and temperance, are constantly with him, and he is enabled to say—My rejoicing is this—the testimony of a good

conscience, how that in simplicity and godly sincerity, I have had my conversation in the world. Happy indeed must he be, who can retrospect his past life, with feelings of approbation, and without remorse. He lies down upon his pillow at night, without the cry of the widow and orphan to disturb his repose. You may take from him riches, and the honors of the world, you may clothe him in rags, and give him naught but bread and water to subsist upon, but still, peace of mind will be his companion. Riches cannot give him peace and comfort, and the removal of them cannot sap the foundation of his felicity, nor destroy his confidence in God.

3d. Whatsoever he doeth it shall prosper. Prosperity shall ever attend him. His works are righteous, and as such, they must ultimately prosper. Embarrassment may attend them for a time, but this is only to test their genuineness.—Soon the clouds will disperse, and the bright light of day and eternal truth will chase away all the darkness.

When a man commences any work, or engages in any undertaking, if he does not succeed, if prosperity does not attend him, he may rest assured that all is not right. There is something rotten about his foundation. He has gone too fast, or not fast enough. He has made a miscalculation somewhere, and on a faithful examination and investigation, he will find such to be the case. Let him look well to his ways, and proceed upon just principles, and then, whatsoever he does will prosper—for he will do nothing but what is consistent with righteousness. It is as necessary to have a good and permanent foundation in trade, and in all business matters, as it is in the erection of a superstructure. You cannot proceed successfully without it. A miscalculation will throw a whole arrangement into a state of chaos. And unrighteousness will not render permanent any undertaking.

But how different from this, is the popular theology of the day! We have been taught that the righteous man is full of trouble. That he is cast down and afflicted. And that the wicked have peace, and that prosperity ever attends them. And the scriptures have been warped to the support of this opinion. We have heard this quoted, 'the wicked are not plagued like other men. They have all that heart can wish. Pride encompasses them about as a chain, and they have no bands in their death.'

Such was the opinion of Asaph, until the fearful truth flashed upon his mind, which he learned on entering the sanctuary of the Lord, that the wicked stand on slippery places; that sudden destruction comes upon them—and that they are cut off, as in a moment.

I might pursue this branch of my subject further—but I purpose to make the latter part of the Psalm the subject of another article; and I will therefore confine the rest of my remarks to the blessings of righteousness. I have already hinted, that in various parts of the sacred record, the same blessings are associated with the righteous, that are so beautifully delineated in this Psalm.

The son of David says,—'The work of righteousness is peace, and the effect of it is quietness and assurance forever.' And again he affirms—'The

wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are as bold as a lion.' 'Great peace have all they that love thy law, and nothing shall offend them.' 'The desire of the righteous shall be granted, but the expectation of the wicked shall rot.' 'The wicked are driven away in their wickedness, but the righteous have hope in their death.'

All these passages set forth the actual and the practical advantage the righteous enjoy over the wicked. And I have been thus particular in setting them forth, because I am fully sensible that many now labor under a misapprehension of the subject, and are upon the eve of concluding, that little if any practical advantage can be derived from the practice of virtue. I wish to impress this upon the minds of the youth; particularly the young men, in whose welfare I am deeply interested, being fully aware of the dangers to which they are exposed, and knowing the many bewitching forms in which temptation presents itself. Young men, my call is unto you. As you desire happiness, I beseech you to watch your ways, place a double guard upon your doings—bind God's law to your souls, and walk in the light of his statutes; and then, when the winter of age comes on—when the sight of your eye grows dim—when your early comforts have faded, you shall flourish like the tree by the rivers of water, and feast upon those comforts which shall be enjoyed in full, when mortality is swallowed up of life.

And when you sink in death, the beholder will say—

'Sweet is the scene where virtue dies,

When sinks a righteous soul to rest;

How mildly beam the closing eyes!

How gently heaves the dying breast!

Its duties done, as sinks the clay,

Light from its load the spirit flies;

While all around conspire to say—

Sweet is the scene where virtue dies.'

D. D. S.

THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

Original.

A WILD wind swept the earth—the tall trees bowed,
The rocks were rent before that angry cloud;
Destruction dwelt upon the valleys fair,
The wind passed swiftly by—God was not there.

An earthquake came—where can the frightened flee?
The rent earth heaves like to the rolling sea!
The birds flew wildly through the murky air,
Thick darkness fell around—God was not there.

The lightning flashed—the thunder rolled around,
The mountains echoed to that solemn sound,
The fire streaked down from heaven to seize its share,
And darted quickly back—God was not there.

Those storms were hushed—all quiet was the scene,
And the blue sky smiled sweetly and serene;
There was no cloud, no sound, nor breath of air—
Then came a still small voice—and God was there.

Hartford, Ct. Dec. 22.

M. A. D.

GOD THE FATHER.

Original.

'Have we not all one Father?'—MAL. ii. 10.

THE paternal relation of the Creator to his creature man, is among the plainest and most interesting truths recorded in divine revelation. He is called the 'Father,' the 'Father of spirits,' and the 'Father of the spirits of all flesh,' 'our Father,' our 'Father in heaven,' and our 'heavenly Father.' The Savior says, 'one is your Father, even God,' and the apostle observes that, 'there is one God the Father.'

In view of this undeniable and all-important truth, I wish to notice, briefly, a few expressions which have often fallen from the lips of the more popular religious teachers.

It has frequently been stated, with an awful emphasis, that God is our Law Giver! But what are his laws, we inquire, more than his paternal commands? It has also been remarked, in a most forbidding manner, that God is our Judge! But what are his judgments, we ask, more than the equitable administration of his moral government? Again, it has been asserted, with much apparent horror, that God is the Arbiter of our eternal destiny! But what disposition, we demand, can he make of any of his children, that is inconsistent with his paternal character?

Unless I greatly misjudge, there is much force in these questions. I am 'fully persuaded in my own mind,' that, if they are maturely reflected on, they will effectually secure our 'inward peace,' against any attempts that may be made to fill us with a dread of our Creator, or excite a distrust of his kindness, by the use of such expressions as I have noticed. There can be no doubt, I think, that the parental relation of God to his offspring, is lost sight of, whenever these attempts are followed by their intended effects. Let it ever be remembered then, that he is our Father; that he stands in no relation to any human being, which conflicts with the relation of a Father; and that his laws and judgments respecting us, and also, our final destination by his ordinance, are subjects of filial gratitude and heartfelt rejoicings—not of horror and despondency. All his requirements, designs and dispensations are—nay, must be, in harmonious accordance with his universal paternity.

'My Father, I adore

That all commanding name,

O may it virtue's strength restore,

And raise devotion's flame." W. A. S.

Berlin, Ct. 1335.

HYMN

Written for a Charitable Society.

Original.

NATURE is now in winter's gloom arrayed,
The trees are rifled of their summer shade,
The rushing river and the mountain streams
Are changed to ice, which in the sunlight gleams;
The cold is piercing—chilly is the blast,
Oft comes the hail-storm—and the snow falls fast.

Oh ye! who in your cheerful parlors warm,
Heed not the blast nor feel the raging storm,
Who sweetly sleep within your curtained beds,
While many have not where to rest their heads;
Give of your plenty to the sick and sad,
Give to the poor! then will your hearts be glad.

Think of the wretched ones who hopeless mourn—
Think of the suffering—homeless—and forlorn—
Lend us your mite to soothe the deep distress,
Of the lone widow and the fatherless;
Give to the needy! thou whose cup runs o'er,
And heaven will bless thy basket and thy store.

Hartford, Ct.

M. A. D.

WICKED IMAGINATIONS.

Original.

THE devising of wicked imaginations is an employment which affords no happiness to the one who is engaged in it, nor to any body else.

How many there are, who contrive and invent plans of wickedness for others to prosecute. They possess a fruitful imagination, and are careful not to engage in the prosecution of what they plan; this they leave for others—hoping that while others beat the bush, they shall catch the bird. But this does not always follow.

Though such ones often escape detection for the time being, they must at last be brought to receive the fruit of their evil doings. For they are the instigators of the crimes, and are more reprehensible than those they have deceived. Such people are often imagining evils in others; and they communicate them to others, not as imaginations, but as sober facts; and they spare not their best friends. Let such be informed, that the practice in which they are engaged is hateful to God, dishonorable to themselves, and is calculated to bring a flood of inquietude upon themselves and all with whom they are connected in life.

Let them turn from the practice, and employ their talents in a better cause. D. D. S.

TO OUR PATRONS.

IN consequence of the editor's residence being at a considerable distance from the place of publication, this work has not been issued with that regularity and punctuality that could be desired; and to prevent all such delays for the time to come, and that more attention may be given to the literary character of the work, the editor has given all the business matters of the concern into the hand of Mr. Abel Tompkins, who will pay that attention to the publication which will secure its regular distribution among its patrons, at the time appointed. All letters on business connected with this periodical, the Universalist and Ladies' Repository, must, for the future, be directed to 'Mr. Abel Tompkins, Office of the Universalist and Ladies' Repository, 32 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.' and those forwarded by mail must be post paid. It is believed that the above named arrangement will place the business affairs of this work on a foundation which will secure the approbation of all the subscribers. D. D. SMITH.

A SACRED SONG.

Je - - sus, what gracious words, Are ev - er, ev - - er thine; Thy voice is

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 6/8. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, Bb4, and C5. The bass staff has a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a time signature of 6/8. The accompaniment begins with a half note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, Bb2, and C3.

mu - - sic, And life and peace di - vine. Good, ev - - er - - lasting good,

The second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a quarter note D5, followed by eighth notes C5, Bb4, and A4. The bass staff continues the accompaniment with a half note D2, followed by quarter notes E2, F2, and G2. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is placed above the bass staff.

Glad ti - - dings full of joy, Flow from thy lips of truth, Without al - - loy.

The third system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, Bb4, and C5. The bass staff continues the accompaniment with a half note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, Bb2, and C3.

The broken heart, the poor, The bruised, the deaf and blind, The dumb, the

The fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a quarter note D5, followed by eighth notes C5, Bb4, and A4. The bass staff continues the accompaniment with a half note D2, followed by quarter notes E2, F2, and G2. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is placed above the bass staff.

dead, and all, Thy mercy, thy mercy find. Lord, spread thy glo - ry, and

let thy heaven - ly grace, Bless all the poor and lost, Of Adam's race.